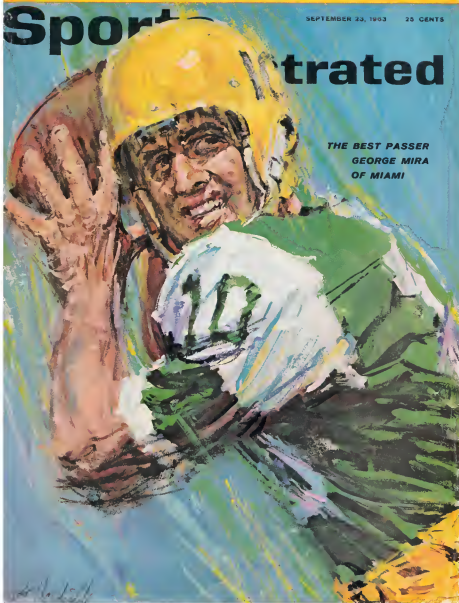


Special Issue: COLLEGE FOOTBALL

Sports Illustrated

SEPTEMBER 23, 1963 25 CENTS

**THE BEST PASSER
GEORGE MIRA
OF MIAMI**



OLD FORESTER

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY

This whisky is distilled by us only, and we are responsible for its richness and fine quality. Its elegant flavor is solely due to original fineness developed with care. There is nothing better in the market.

DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY
BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERS CORPORATION
AT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY

tonight

Reach for the label that makes this promise: "There is nothing better in the market."



A new kind of enjoyment for the follower of Sports



This is a special invitation for the man with a love of sports in his veins—the enthusiastic follower of big stadium events through every season of the year. Here is a new pleasure for your leisure hours...a new way to increase your enjoyment and appreciation of every major sport...to get to know the stars of sport, learn what makes them "tick"...to see the world of the press from the inside...to become an "expert" on the fine points of strategy and play. It's a great idea in reading entertainment for men—brought to you by the new **SPORTS BOOK LEAGUE**. Read the special offer below.



Accept this Introductory Membership Offer from

THE SPORTS BOOK LEAGUE

The Book Club for Real Sport Fans

ANY 2

OF THESE GREAT SPORT BOOKS

for only \$1

Choose any two and agree to accept at least four selections from the introductory package of seven sports books within a year



418. Sport U.S.A. by the Editors of Sports Illustrated. 200 pages, 16 color photos. \$5.95 in paperback.



356. Barry, "Backstop" took of the National Football League's top quarterbacks in 1974. 200 pages. \$7.95 in paperback.



417. Story of baseball from 1850 to the 1970s. 200 pages. \$7.95 in paperback.



408. Story of Olympic Games from the 1896 to the 1976 Summer Games. 200 pages. \$7.95 in paperback.



439. The story of the game of ice hockey. 200 pages. \$7.95 in paperback.



425. The world of sport from 1896 to the 1976 Summer Games. 200 pages. \$7.95 in paperback.



424. The story of the Olympic Games. 200 pages. \$7.95 in paperback.



432. American boxing star. 200 pages. \$7.95 in paperback.



408. The new book of baseball. 200 pages. \$7.95 in paperback.



398. The best sports stories of the year. 200 pages. \$7.95 in paperback.



423. The story of the game of football. 200 pages. \$7.95 in paperback.



421. The story of the game of football. 200 pages. \$7.95 in paperback.



402. The new book of boxing. 200 pages. \$7.95 in paperback.



397. Knox Lamphar, the story of the game of football. 200 pages. \$7.95 in paperback.

OR IF YOU PREFER:

As an alternative offer, we have the new 1974 book edition of the famous Sports Encyclopedia of Sports. It's a 1000-page volume for only \$1.50. World's greatest sports authority—more than a dozen books in our Sports Book League—has written this book. It's a 1000-page volume for only \$1.50. World's greatest sports authority—more than a dozen books in our Sports Book League—has written this book. It's a 1000-page volume for only \$1.50. World's greatest sports authority—more than a dozen books in our Sports Book League—has written this book.



NOW FOR THE FIRST TIME — the world of big league sports is brought to you in the depth and detail you've always wanted — through a new book club planned just for you. The Sports Book League sales is each month — at a members' low price — the most exciting, talked-about new books by or about the celebrities of baseball, football, basketball, boxing, hockey, golf — every major game.

These books give you a broad knowledge of sports — their colorful personalities, the great moments, the big moments of action that bring roaring crowds to their feet — in a way that the daily sport page has neither the time nor space to give you. You get the kind of revealing, stimulating talk you would hear in famous training quarters — as the clubhouse — as a champion's living room. Here is that "extra dimension" that can multiply your enjoyment of every sport event you watch.

Save 30% to 50% on the books you buy

You don't have to buy a book every month. Your only obligation as a member is to accept at least 4 selections or alternates during the coming year. For every four books you buy, you may choose a bonus book FREE — from a special list of sport volumes and other leisure-time books.

Selection of The Sports Book League set of periodicals, and special value. They add up to a magnificent read and reference library of sports which you will be proud to display — and which you will use to settle the arguments that arise whenever real sport devotees get together.

Send no money—just mail the coupon

To become a member and receive your introductory business package, mail the coupon today. If not delighted, no harm! and your membership will be cancelled. Sports Book League, Garden City, New York.

SPORTS BOOK LEAGUE, Dept. 3-XS-9 GARDEN CITY, NEW YORK

Please enclose me as a member and send me no less than introductory package of the two books whose numbers I have circled below.

356 397 398 402 403 406 417
418 420 421 422 423 424 425

If I am doubtful with the books I will keep these and you will send me the alternate. Therefore you will send the alternate. A member's book will always be provided for me and I will be able to return a bookkeeping selection. No only selection is to buy an (new) large book, during the coming year — at savings of 30% to 50% from the price at publisher's. With each month book I buy, I may choose a Free Bonus Book from your special list.

IF YOU PREFER THE ALTERNATE OFFER

Circle to get the Sports Encyclopedia of Sports for only \$1.50, instead of two other books for \$1.50. Send no money.

NO RISK GUARANTEE. If not fully pleased with it, I will return it within 7 days. No money back will be required.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____
If under 18, send \$1.00 to _____
Offer good in Continental U.S. only. 346-354



(These famous brand TV sets were turned on at the same time.)

Who's on first?

New Westinghouse Instant-On TV

Remember how you felt when your TV set warmed up too late to catch the crucial moment in your favorite program? And how irritated you were when you missed the homer that clinched the game? Now, new Westinghouse Instant-On TV makes "missing" a thing of the past. Here's why: When switched on simultaneously along with the leading brand TV sets illustrated, only Westinghouse picture and sound came on instantly! No wait. No warm-up.

The same exclusive design that makes possible instant picture and sound, also makes new Westinghouse

Instant-On TV as maintenance-free as a set can be.

A specially designed circuit keeps tubes gently warmed when set is off. This warmth keeps the set always in stand-by readiness, while it helps protect chassis and parts from corrosive humidity.

You get: 1. Picture and sound, instantly! 2. Consistently high picture quality. 3. Practically maintenance-free reliability. Only new Instant-On TV gives you all three! See new Westinghouse Instant-On™ TV at your dealers today. You can be sure... if it's Westinghouse.

Westinghouse 

Contents

SEPTEMBER 23, 1963 Volume 19, Number 13

Cover posing by Robert Rankin

20 The Desperate Chase

An intimate day-by-day chronicle of the Cardinals in the middle of their great pennant drive

28 The Pros Open Up Full Blast

With a number of skivvies and a few ragged major banties, the NFL joins the 1963 football war

College Football 1963

30 THE SEASON: In a quarterback's year, teams will throw often, but Texas should end on top

34 THE SOURCE: In 12 pages of color, Texas' high schools, proving ground for tomorrow's stars

47 THE TEAMS: Sending reports on the best and the rest, with a special look at quarterbacks

48 MIDWEST	62 SOUTHWEST
52 EAST	65 WEST
58 SOUTH	68 SMALL COLLEGES

72 THE RECRUIT: Mrs. Harry Stahlbreier, privately ting for her husband, came a fencer crisper

94 THE PICKS: Beginning a new season, predictions of the winners of this week's big games

96 THE QUARTERBACK: He's George Mira of Miami. John Underwood reports on the season's best passer

81 Pet Porpoise in a Pool

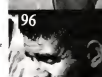
A porpoise named Dal keeps Betty Brothers out of sleep water and also signals a new hobby for the backyard

90 Deane of the Amateurs

The national championship goes to businesslike Deane Benson, who held off a challenge in a plumb-bob puzzle

The departments

10 Scorecard	117 Baseball's Week
78 Golf	118 For the Record
81 Nature	119 19th Hole



SPORTS ILLUSTRATED published weekly by Time Inc., 540 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611, except one issue a year and Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Ill., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada and for payment of postage in cash U.S. and Canadian subscriptions \$7.00 a year. This issue included national and separate editions. Additional pages of separate editions numbered or allowed for as follows: separate EW-1-W4 11-12 R1-R4 underwriters, MI-M4 southern, SI-S4 western, EW1-EW4 W1-W4, Florida FW1-FW4 13-14 SI-S4 R1-R4

Advertisements on page 175

Next week

THE PENNANT RACE heads for the wire, with the Dodgers and Cards clawing to reach the Series. A report on their progress, and a preview of how each stacks up against the Yankees.

THE DETROIT LION defense, best in pro football last year but now reeling its strong men, Alex Karras, faces a major test against the once-beaten but formidable Green Bay Packers.

"WAHOO!" used the first man to beat this elusive pelagic creature, and the name stuck. Jack Olson describes the problems of Bermuda anglers who pursue the cunningest of fish.

Graham Hill, country gentleman, appreciates the MG Sports Sedan's "fluid suspension," a new concept that eliminates springs and shock absorbers—where a permanently sealed-in liquid allows the

Dual carburetion 4-speed stick shift
crunchproof synchromesh gear box
sports car disc & drum combination brakes
—all help the MG Sports Sedan *Wattle*

The MG Sports Sedan is an amalgam of racing potential, sedan comfort and economical purchase. A very firm thoroughbred that is, all at once, a sporting spirit, a stylish companion — an elegant racer.



MG SPORTS SEDAN
\$1898⁰⁰*

[illegible]

THE BIG GAMES

College football games across the nation are passed for the first big weekend of action. Here are the 120 key games from September 20 through December 7 that will decide the national championship as well as the best teams in all areas.

SEPTEMBER 20

Florida State at Miami (Fla.)

SEPTEMBER 21

Northwestern at Missouri
Navy at West Virginia
Clemson at Oklahoma
Penn State vs. Oregon at Portland
Kansas at TCU
Boston College at Syracuse

SEPTEMBER 22

Oklahoma at USC
Wisconsin at Notre Dame
Missouri vs. Arkansas at Little Rock
Purdue at Miami (Fla.)
Washington at Pitt
Nebraska at Minnesota
Clemson at Georgia Tech
Oregon at Stanford
California at Illinois
Indiana at Northwestern
Syracuse at Kansas
UCLA at Penn State

OCTOBER 2

Michigan State at USC
TCU at Arkansas
LSU at Georgia Tech
Northwestern at Illinois
Duke vs. Maryland at Richmond, Va.
Army at Marquette
California at Pitt
North Carolina State at Clemson
Ohio State at Indiana
Notre Dame at Purdue
Rice at Penn State

OCTOBER 11

LSU at Miami (Fla.)

OCTOBER 12

Oklahoma vs. Texas at Dallas
Army at Penn State
Purdue at Wisconsin
Florida at Alabama
USC at Notre Dame
Arkansas at Baylor
Illinois at Ohio State
Marquette at Northwestern

OCTOBER 19

Texas vs. Arkansas at Little Rock
Ohio State at USC
Clemson at Duke
Penn State at Syracuse
Kansas at Oklahoma
Auburn at Georgia Tech
Minnesota at Illinois
Pitt at West Virginia
Wisconsin at Iowa
Indiana at Michigan State
Tennessee vs. Alabama at Birmingham

OCTOBER 26

Washington vs. Oregon at Portland
Michigan State at Northwestern
Pitt at Navy
Rice at Texas
Ohio State at Wisconsin
USC at California

STEP



INTO REAL



COMFORT!

Cushion-Flex[®]

SHOES FOR MEN

Pillow soft walking comfort is built into these expertly crafted shoes. They're cushioned from heel to toe. Styled in rich leathers with exclusive Velvet Flex insole, arch supporting steel shanks, and all weather leather soles. Write today for the name of your nearest Cushion Flex dealer.

STYLE #800
\$14.95



LEVERENZ
SHOE CO.
Dept. 101
SHERBOAN, WIS.

TIME TO RENEW?



Don't forget—you can save more by subscribing for a longer period of time.

Polish Your Own Car!

Yes, and have fun doing it! Do the family hoist at the same time! Get the family together for an outing and see the things you love gleam and gleam like never before. Custom Crest Gloss Cream Auto Polish is the once in a lifetime product that makes cars, boats and airplanes shine like the very sun. It's the easiest polish in the world to use. It Cleans! It Polishes! It Protects! Like nothing you have ever seen or used before! One easy-to-use, easy-to-apply application does all three! You will be amazed when you try it. You will be amazed, even gumbounded as you watch its miraculous hydrolized mineral compound go into action to give you the deepest, cleanest, mirror-like finish you have ever seen. Watch both the old and the new car or boat come alive under the cleaning and polishing ability of Custom Crest Gloss Cream. You will get ultimate protection against rust, oxidation, and dirt! Don't take our word for it—write for a FREE Sample and try it yourself! Then ask for it at your favorite service station or write us if he doesn't have it. Guaranteed—your money back! If you're not satisfied, don't miss the boat, write today!



CUSTOM CREST CAR PRODUCTS INC.
Seymour, Indiana



The SPINNAKER Shirt

Comfort and unusual color quality are smartly styled in this Spinnaker Tweed, combining the warmth and vitality of wool and the attractiveness of mohair. Ideal for golf, boating, fishing, skiing or casual wear. Custom cut . . . 3 button placket front . . . chest flap pockets . . . adjustable cuffs. • Colors: Greenwood Tweed Oxford Tweed Bermuda Blue Tweed Red Flare Tweed • Sizes: Small Medium Large Extra Large.

The new Spinnaker Jacket
100% Wool Jersey
Water-repellent, Steam-resistant



At your favorite dealer, or write to
C. C. VALENTINE & CO., INC.
200 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 1, N. Y.

continued

ALBERT PICK

means
"children invited"



in-vit-ed (in-vit'ed), vt. — made welcome, treated hospitably; received with open arms. For example, children under 12 are invited to Albert Pick without room charge.

ALBERT PICK MEANS: free parking at practically all places; convenient locations; good food; courteous service; delightful rooms; comfort; TV and air-conditioning.

For immediate
reservations in
any city, call the
nearest of these



ALBERT PICK HOTELS OR MOTELS

Executive Offices 20 N. Wacker Drive Chicago	
Birmingham Ala.	Pick-Birmingham
Charlottesville, Va.	Pick-Charlottesville
Chicago, Ill.	Pick-Congress
Cincinnati O.	Pick-Fountain Square
Cleveland O.	Pick-Carter
Columbia Springs, Colo.	Albert Pick Motel
Columbus, O.	Pick-Fort Hays
Dallas, Tex.	Pick-Fort Worth
East Lansing, Mich.	Pick Motor Hotel
Evansville, Ind.	The Georgian
Fort Worth, Tex.	Pick-Duncan
Greenville, S.C.	Nationwide Inn
Houston, Tex.	Albert Pick Motel
Indianapolis, Ind.	Albert Pick Motel
Los Angeles, Calif.	Albert Pick Motel
Memphis, Tenn.	Albert Pick Motel
Minneapolis, Minn.	Albert Pick Motel
Mobile, Ala.	Pick-Mobile
Montgomery, Ala.	Albert Pick Motel
Myrtle Beach, S.C.	Albert Pick Motel
Nashville, Tenn.	Albert Pick Motel
New York, N.Y.	Pick-New York
Philadelphia, Pa.	Pick-Philadelphia
Pittsburgh, Pa.	Pick-Pittsburgh
Portland, Ore.	Albert Pick Motel
San Francisco, Calif.	Albert Pick Motel
St. Louis, Mo.	Albert Pick Motel
St. Paul, Minn.	Pick-Mary Travis
South Bend, Ind.	Pick-Indiana
Tampa, Fla.	Albert Pick Motel
Texas O.	Pick-Texas
Toronto, Ont.	Pick-Toronto
Washington, D.C.	Pick-Lee House
Washington, D.C.	Pick-Metropolitan
Washington, D.C.	Pick-Ohio
Washington, D.C.	Pick-Ohio

Operated in the tradition of over a century of hospitality by the Albert Pick family

NO. 1 GAMES

Duke at North Carolina State
Dartmouth at Harvard
LSU at Florida
West Virginia at Penn State

NOVEMBER 2

Mississippi at LSU
Nebraska at Missouri
UNC at Washington
Duke at Georgia Tech
Air Force vs. Army at Chicago
Navy at Notre Dame
Mississippi State at Alabama
Florida at Auburn
TCU at Baylor
Syracuse at Pitt
Purdue at Illinois
Columbia at Cornell

NOVEMBER 4

Northwestern at Wisconsin
Maryland at Navy
Baylor at Texas
Kansas at Nebraska
Arkansas at Rice
Pitt at Notre Dame
Washington at California
Princeton at Harvard
TCU at LSU
West Virginia at Syracuse
Michigan State at Purdue
Penn State at Ohio State
Stanford at UNC

NOVEMBER 10

Georgia Tech vs. Alabama at Birmingham
TCU at Texas
Oklahoma at Missouri
Northwestern at Ohio State
Mississippi vs. Tennessee at Memphis
Army at Pittsburgh
Maryland at Clemson
Navy at Duke
Illinois at Wisconsin
Notre Dame at Michigan State
Minnesota at Purdue

NOVEMBER 15

Oklahoma at Nebraska
UCLA at USC
Florida at Miami (Fla.)
Illinois at Michigan State
Harvard at Yale
Notre Dame at Iowa
Missouri at Kansas
Dartmouth at Princeton
Ohio State at Michigan
New Mexico at Arizona
Penn State at Pitt
Purdue at Indiana
Rice at TCU

NOVEMBER 22

Texas at Texas A&M
Notre Dame vs. Syracuse at New York City

NOVEMBER 30

Alabama vs. Auburn at Birmingham
Baylor at Rice
Arizona at Arizona State
Georgia at Georgia Tech
Pitt at Miami (Fla.)
Mississippi at Mississippi State
Army vs. Navy at Philadelphia
SMU at TCU

DECEMBER 1

Alabama at Miami (Fla.)



No matter where, the world over, you have played before, a brand new golfing thrill starts right here—the hole many touring pros call one of the most exciting and challenging Par 5's anywhere.

It's anyone of 18 renowned golfers say: "Once you play at Point Clear you can hardly wait for the next time!" A Perry Maxwell master piece, the championship course is lovingly cared for, perfect to play at all seasons.

Hotel guests have full privileges at our private golf club. Additional facilities, immense pool and cabaret • Ray Beach • Tennis • Youth Room • Meeting Room • Billiards and Fishing Club • Supervised Children's Center.

SEND FOR BROCHURE

See your Travel Agent



GRAND HOTEL • Box 504 • Point Clear, Ala.
Subsidiary of Southern Industries Corporation



If golf's your game...
take a tip from
Masters Champion Jack
Nicklaus, regularly in
SPORTS ILLUSTRATED.



Four great masculine fragrances. One of them is brand new.

It's called Yardley Black Label After Shave. It does not smell like flowers. It does not smell like spice.

It does not smell like anything your wife would wear. (She'll love it. But she won't steal it.)

Black Label is a vigorous, pungent fragrance, designed for the modern man.

We've instilled it in an after shave that does the most

possible good for your skin. (Helps heal nicks, prevent infection. Keeps skin lubricated, moist, comfortable after shaving.)

If you'd like to try it, buy a bottle. (\$1 plus tax.) Use it for a couple of weeks. If you don't like it—send it back and we'll return your money.

We won't be mad. Just surprised. Yardley

Margarita

MORE
THAN
A GIRL'S
NAME...



WHITE
OR
GOLD
LABEL
86
PROOF

Five years ago the Margarita Cocktail was known to only a few aficionados in the cantinas of Mexico. Today Margarita is insistently demanded in smart cafe-bars throughout America. Margarita is commended by bartenders who know — offered by hosts who care. And of course your Margarita is made with Jose Cuervo, the proud Mexican brand, unrivalled leader for four generations. To acquaint you better with this exotic liquor, try it in your favorite cocktail. Send for the Cuervo Tequila recipe booklet. *Tequila Margarita: 1½ oz. white Cuervo Tequila; ½ oz. Triple Sec; 1 oz. fresh lemon juice. Shake with shaved ice. Serve in salt-rimmed glass. It's a wonder!*

JOSE CUERVO TEQUILA

SOLE U. S. IMPORTERS/YOUNG'S MARKET COMPANY, LOS ANGELES 54, CALIFORNIA

*Our Communications
Consultant is ready
and able to help you*

save time He'll observe how your staff can intercommunicate...how easily calls can be answered, held or rerouted...how often legwork is used when efficient voice communications might work faster.



Depending on your special needs, he might recommend CALL DIRECTOR[®] telephones, with Bell Intercom. They can give you line-holding, conference-calling and many other time-saving, step-saving features.

control costs He's had experience with all kinds of data-handling systems and techniques. And he'll note carefully how you move business data between your headquarters and your branches.



improve service He'll study your switchboard loads at regular and peak periods... to see how readily customers and suppliers can reach you and how often you have difficulty getting outside lines.



If faster exchange of data can help you, he might suggest DATA-PHONE service, which enables you to transmit data over telephone lines with great speed and accuracy—at money-saving telephone rates.



He might recommend a dial-PBX system, with compact, desk-top switchboards—so your staff can dial most outgoing and interoffice calls right from their desks and your attendant can give priority attention to incoming calls.

Whatever communications problems you might have, he'll spot them, diagnose them for you and give you a workable recommendation for solving them. You have everything to gain from a talk with this man. Just call your Bell Telephone Business Office and they'll have a Communications Consultant get in touch with you.



BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

SCORECARD

TECH IS READY TO REMBLE

Typically tenacious, Georgia Tech finished Florida, 9-0, last week in a game of defenses played in the rain at Atlanta, but as the college football season opened there the question was not so much whether Tech would be very good in the Southeastern Conference, but how long Tech would be in the SEC at all. The answer: too long to suit Florida's immediate purposes, but perhaps not much longer. Tech, 31 years an SEC regular, dreams of being independent, of scheduling whoever it pleases, setting its own high academic and scholarship standards and restrictions, and sharing revenue from bowl game and television appearances only with the opposing teams instead of with the entire Southeastern Conference.

Already Tech has dropped Alabama, LSU and Florida from future schedules, adding Navy, Notre Dame, Southern Cal, Miami, Penn State and TCU, and games with Ohio State and Army are in the works. Soon, Tech will not even play the required number of league games (six) to win the SEC title.

In January, when the league meets, Tech probably will announce its withdrawal. Coach Bobby Dodd speaks openly of his distaste for SEC scholarship rules and Tech officials are sophisticated enough to know that athletic integration is inevitable. "What will happen," Dodd poses, "when some SEC schools integrate and others don't? Will they play?" Academically, Tech feels more kinship with members like Vanderbilt and Tulane than it does with others who have less strenuous entrance requirements. "If we were independent," says Dodd, "we could continue to play five SEC teams that are important to us and five national opponents. With a schedule like that, we could compete with the pro team that is bound to come to Atlanta one of these days."

THE CLINCHER

In a nonchalant summation of the Yankees' pennant-clinching game in Minnesota last week, New York Manager

Ralph Houk declared, "We all kind of like it better clinching the pennant on the road. Of course, it is nice, too, being able to clinch it at home before home folks."

Always problems.

LINDBERGH LAW FOR DOGNAPPERS?

Every year, shortly before the hunting season, there is a rash of dog thefts among the sporting breeds. Dognappers get from \$50 to \$150 or more for a likely-looking animal. This year New England has been especially hard hit. Now one of the victims, Edward W. Rogers of Manchester, Mass., has come up with a possible solution. After losing two valuable Labrador retrievers, Rogers suggested that the state department of fisheries and game adopt a canine identification system like that used to identify racing greyhounds.

Under the Rogers plan, the state would assign blocks of registration numbers and identification cards to veterinarians throughout the state. Owners would take their dogs to a vet, who would then tattoo an identification number in the dog's ear and fill out an identification card in triplicate—one for the vet, one for the owner and one for the state's master file. In a change of ownership, the registration would be reassigned. The master file would simplify tracing and identification of dogs—strayed or stolen.

A good idea, but to be truly effective it should be established on an interstate basis. Dognappers would be astute enough to ship stolen animals out of the state—as they often do now.

IT'S NICE WORK

Marion Sanderfer, former vice-president and drilling superintendent of the Henderson Drilling Corp., was ordered by his company to go on a deer hunting trip in 1961 as the firm's public relations representative. He fell from a tree during the hunt and was permanently paralyzed. He contended he was injured in the line of duty. Henderson's insurance company lawyers argued plaintiff was not injured

in the course of regular employment. A jury in Houston found for plaintiff and brought in damages of \$14,285 for medical expenses and \$35 a week for 401 weeks as compensation, observing that Sanderfer was tending to business. This decision may get into the law books and settle for all time that public relations—if not deer hunting—is work.

PLEASE PASS THE MUKTUK

Eskimos are pretty good conservationists. Of the 1,300 walrus they kill each year, they make weapons and boat keels of the ivory; split the hides of females to make umiaks, skin houses and the soles of mukluks; tan the stomach linings for



drumheads; convert intestines into waterproof snow shirts; freeze the blubbery meat, heart, liver, brain and flippers for food for man and dog; expel clams from the stomachs for human food; and pretty much waste nothing whatsoever.

Except, what to do with the walrus' whiskers? Tough, strong and transparent, they are too resilient to make fishhooks or needles. The walrus uses his whiskers as clam rakes, but they have always stumped the Eskimo.

Now the white man has discovered that there is nothing quite so swank as using a walrus whisker as an hors d'oeuvre pick, especially if the pick spears a tidbit of muktuk, the fat skin of beluga whale. Muktuk has an unconquerable chewy texture and tastes like secondhand bubble gum, but Wien Alaska Airlines Inc., which carries tourists to Eskimo settlements, has found that the trippers actually enjoy it, especially if the muktuk is served on the end of a walrus whisker. The whiskers then disappear, as souvenirs, into handbags and pockets. So Wien Alaska has engaged Trader Ed R. Shepherd of Gambell to supply the

continued



Photographed in Elgin, Scotland, by "21" Brands. Front row (l. to r.): Sandy Allan, Head Workman; Willie Watson, Cooper; Willie Tamm, Maltrous; Bob Cameron, Washman; Jimmy Sam, Tun Broom Man; Popp Goolies, Still Man; Bobby Strachan, Still Man; Jack Grant, Maltrous; Row (l. to r.): Willie Craig, Manager; Bob Milne, Head Brewer; Jack Sinclair, Auld Broomer; George Goolies, Head Warehouse Man; Charlie Sinclair, Auld Warehouse Man; James Anderson, Boiler Man.

14 Scotsmen and what they do to make Ballantine's Scotch

The 14 Scotsmen you see above make a rare Highland Whisky at a Ballantine's distillery at Elgin, Scotland, hard by the North Sea. This whisky is just one of the 42 high-grade Scotch Whiskies that are harmonized to make Ballantine's sunny-light flavor. These men possess distilling skills which have been handed down from their forefathers. Each performs his task with the same patience, pride and attention to detail that have marked the making of



Ballantine's for more than one hundred and thirty years. The final result is Scotch Whisky as Scotch Whisky should be: never brash or heavy — nor so limply light that it merely teases the taste buds. The final result is Scotch Whisky always good-natured and sociably gentle, flaunting its authentic flavor and quality to all those who enjoy its company. Just a few reasons why: *The more you know about Scotch the more you like Ballantine's.*



enjoy the natural wonders of wool

...at the Big Game

Wool calls the signals in every Fall encounter—tackles wind and cold like a star fullback. Naturally springy wool always performs like an All-American—makes color stand up and cheer illustrated the "Elbow Bender" in herringbone or diagonal over-plaid, about 140 Fabric by Clearbrook. Styled by

MCGREGOR

*Enjoy the natural wonders of wool
loomed and knitted in America.*

whiskers, and the Eskimos are delivering upwards of 3,000 a year.

The Eskimos are delighted but, wielding pliers on the walrus just as they pluck their own scant beards, they pass a joke back and forth among themselves.

"Trader erray man," they say. "Him want us shave walrus now."

It's always good for a laugh.

NOW PITCHING FOR DOW JONES

On the fourth of July last summers ago, the Chicago White Sox offered 19-year-old Scott Seger \$50,000 to sign a contract. Seger was willing. He got \$8,000 as salary the first year, 1959, which he spent pitching in Holdrege, Neb. After paying taxes, he bought a 1959 Impala convertible, a high-fidelity set for his mother and golf clubs for his father. With the remaining \$2,000 he established a portfolio of stock investments. The next year Seger received the first \$10,000 installment on his bonus from the White Sox, took out a \$50,000 life insurance policy, paying \$3,000 in cash for the premiums, and established a college fund for himself. He put the second \$10,000 (1961) into a building and loan company in Cincinnati, paid his taxes and made more investments with the third \$10,000 (1962). The fourth installment arrived last month, and Seger finished paying for his schooling at Xavier University, where he will graduate next June, and took care of all other outstanding bills.

Seger is now 23 years old, has \$10,000 in cash in the bank, a \$50,000 life insurance policy, a new car, a home, a college education and a fat fistful of solid stocks—all courtesy of the White Sox, for whom he has never pitched a major league game and probably never will. He has trouble getting over .500 with the Portsmouth Tides in the Class A Carolina League. Is he worried? Are you kidding?

PADDY'S DREAM

An old wartime Royal Air Force fighter pilot, Wing Commander Cornelius (Paddy) Donovan is now 52 but still full of youthful ideas. He wants to glide across the Atlantic next year in a sailplane.

Donovan's plan calls for a glider with a wingspan of 250 feet (bigger than a Boeing 707) and a pressurized cabin. He would be towed to 50,000 feet by a Canberra jet bomber, then set free to see if he could manage the 3,000 miles from

a member of

Often imitated

Never equaled

The classic Jack Purcell

A flood of imitations only proves how right you are when you choose the Jack Purcell. For over 30 years the standard of excellence in canvas footwear, its classic lines and painstaking workmanship cannot be matched. Nor can the exclusive P-F[®] rigid wedge construction which makes the Purcell so comfortable. This is the shoe. The court shoe. The casual shoe. Look for the sole that says it. Jack Purcell.

Jack Purcell

RF Goodrich



DONATELLO: DAVID



BERNINI: DAVID



APOLLO: MARCO AURELIUS



VERROCCHIO: DAVID



LUCA DELLA ROBBIA: DAVID

FOND OF THINGS ITALIANO? TRY A SIP OF GALLIANO

Italy, land of masterpieces, is famous for another rare work of art... the liquid gold of Galliano, the legendary liqueur "distilled from the rays of the sun." Try a sip of its bright, sunny flavor. Galliano—the fine Italian liqueur that conquered America.



SCORECARD *continued*

Newfoundland to Shannon, Ireland. If he did make it, taking advantage of the westerly jet stream, he would get to the other side in a mere 12 to 15 hours—and to Paddy this conjures visions of cheap, quiet travel. The flight also would crack several records, not the least of which is the sailplane distance record of 535 miles.

There are hitches. The modern sailplane's maximum gliding angle is 40 to 1, meaning that from an altitude of 10 miles in still air Paddy would glide only 400 miles before touching water. To go 2,000 miles he would need a following wind of about 200 mph and, though the jet stream does reach this speed, it is only a few thousand feet thick. Eventually, it would seem, he would sink through the stream. All in all, a risky deal.

Even so, Fred Slingsby, British glider builder, is willing to build the craft for Donovan at an estimated cost of \$140,000. But, added Slingsby, "I certainly wouldn't go up with him for a fortune."

STORY THAT NEVER ENDS

There are several persistent myths about the Black Sox Scandal of 1919 and all are destroyed in Eliot Asinof's *Eight Men Out* (Holt, Rinehart and Winston, \$4.95), an excellent delving into the most outrageous swindle in American sports history. It was not gamblers, but the Black Sox themselves (specifically Chick Gandil, roughneck first baseman) who first proposed throwing the World Series to the Cincinnati Reds. It is not true that Dickie Kerr, the honest little left-hander, won the third game despite the attempts of his crooked teammates to throw it. Asinof establishes that all the players were out to win that particular game. And it is not true that the guilty players got no money for their machinations. Arch-fixer Gandil collected \$35,000.

The 1919 fix was inevitable. Other fixed games were not unknown in those days, but the owners, braying piously of the game's virtue, did nothing. Baseball teetered on the brink of moral bankruptcy, led by greedy tyrants of the stripe of Charles Comiskey, who gave his players minimum meal money and sent them out to play in dirty uniforms, thus saving on laundry bills. Eddie Cicotte won 28 games in 1917, 29 in 1919. His salary after 14 seasons in the majors: less than \$6,000. He had a big mortgage on his farm and he threw the first and fourth games for \$10,000.

continued



Every lady should carry an automatic.

This one. It runs electrically, hides in a purse and makes great movies. We took all the essentials of fine automatic 8mm movie cameras and put them on a diet! Result is a beautiful new, battery operated camera, slim enough to go anywhere. Long as you have a purse, a beachbag, a flightbag, the 45C will fit in neatly. (Fits in *avi* briefcase or pocket, too!) Then, when the time comes, get

clear, sharp, wonderful movies for you . . . automatically. This trim little camera has all the features of bigger automatics: lens is set by electric eye, a smooth zoom's at your fingertips. And you *know* the Bell & Howell/Canon name means quality. Here's the movie camera to share the life you lead. See the sleek new Canonet® 45C at your Bell & Howell/Canon dealer. Prices start under \$150.

**Bell & Howell brings out
the expert in you (automatically!)**

A&F

THE LATEST SPORTING GOODS STORE IN THE NORTH



The Famous A&F Knockabouts

The A&F Knockabout[®], for over 50 years, has long been described by shotgunners as "a lot for the money." Now made and proofed for us in Italy to our specifications, this gun in 1963 continues to maintain its excellent reputation begun in 1905.

The Knockabout Mark I is a side-by-side shotgun with double triggers, half-pistol grip, checkered walnut fore-end. Extremely lightweight.

12 and 20 gauge, 150.00
28 and .410 gauge, 167.50

The Knockabout Mark II is a side-by-side shotgun as is the Mark I but with automatic ejectors, single trigger, 12 and 20 gauge, 219.50

The Knockabout Mark III is an over/under shotgun with single trigger, ventilated ribs, pistol grip, antique silver finish action.

12 and 20 gauge, 219.50
28 gauge, 269.50



Come in, write or phone

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH

NEW YORK

CHICAGO

SAN FRANCISCO

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH

15 E. 40th St.

333 N. Dearborn

1015 Market

What golfers should know about the first T

The label says "Carter's". Which means this T-shirt is knit of softest cotton. The sleeves have our Newbind seamless underarm construction (when you swing a club Carter's is with you all the way). We cut this T long enough to stay put under any shirt and the Pak-nit[®] fabric won't shrink 1% in length — as shown by Government Standard Test 7550 (CCC-T-191b). The neck won't sag. The torso won't bag. It's the T that's first in fit, comfort, quality. Why settle for less than Carter's?

Carter's



POWELL'S SPORTSWEAR & GOLF CARTER'S T-SHIRTS \$1.50, \$2.00, 3 FOR \$3.95 AT SOUTON & BRIDGES, 1000 N. WABASH, CHICAGO • ROCHESTER, N.Y. 14601

SCORECARD *continued*

Some of the most vivid scenes in the book deal with the suspicions of honest teammates and sportswriters: Ray Schalk, the little catcher, furiously punching Pitcher Lefty Williams under the grandstand; Ring Lardner, disillusioned and drunk, reeling through the White Sox Pullman, singing, "I'm forever blowing ball games."

SPLIT-T, SPLIT-SCENE FULLBACK

Before setting off from Parsons College in Iowa to make his fortune as a fullback in pro football, young Nat Craddock had seen little of the world. Now, a few months later, Craddock has covered as much mileage and evoked as much fuss as a bevy of itinerant AAU officials. Originally drafted by the New York Giants, Boston Patriots and Montreal Alouettes, Craddock chose the Giants and lasted until the final cut. Released, he then accepted an offer to join the Ottawa Rough Riders. Learning this, Montreal claimed him as its property. By this time, however, Craddock had decided against Canadian football anyway and informed Boston, his third original drafter, that he was available. The Patriots sent him plane fare.

Impressive enough in tryouts to hang on with Boston, Craddock was still there when the New York Jets came into town for the opener. Jet Coach Weeb Ewbank caught sight of Craddock. "Where have you been?" he yelled. "I've been looking for you for four days." The explanation, of course, is that AFL have-nots Oakland and New York got first refusal on rejects from NFL teams. Entitled to Craddock under this system, the Jets asked Commissioner Joe Foss to award them custody. Foss so ruled, despite the previous draft by Boston, and Craddock went to New York (team No. 5).

But he didn't stay. Instead, strictly on his own, he went to Baltimore and asked for a tryout with the Colts. Will he stay there? See next week, maybe.

THEY SAID IT

• Darrell Royal, Texas football coach, discussing his hard-running, 5-foot-9 tailback, Tommy Ford: "If he didn't ram in there so hard, he might be 6 feet tall."

• Eddis Freeman, Greer (S.C.) high school football coach, asked if a complicated new play he diagrammed would win for him: "No, but it's one with which we can lose with dignity." **END**

RAINFAIR: Regent, made of 65% "Dacron"® polyester, 35% combed cotton, with zip-in lining and detachable collar. Black, tan and olive. About \$55 at better stores everywhere.



Bart Starr travels in style with the new RAINFAIR REGENT

now fluoridized against rain and stains with ZEPEL. Rainfair's new Regent Rain Topcoat will cover a lot of ground from coast to coast with Bart Starr, quarterback of the Green Bay Packers. He will stay looking neat and handsome because the Regent is protected against rain and stains with new Du Pont ZEPEL® fabric fluoirdizer. ZEPEL coats each fiber in the fabric with an invisible chemical shield that pushes away most watery, oily, greasy stains. Just blotting with a tissue usually removes all traces of stains. In the case of stubborn or dried-in stains, water or spot remover will probably do the job. Stains come out, but ZEPEL stays in. Ordinarily it remains effective for the life of the coat.

DU PONT
ZEPEL
NEW ZEPEL 100
FABRIC FLUORIDIZER

**This is Gulf's best
motor oil**

**This is Gulf's best
motor oil**



Both Gulfpride® Motor and Gulfpride Single-G carry Gulf's world-famous slogan, "The World's Finest Motor Oil." How come? Because they are. Each is the very "best" in its class. If you prefer to specify your own weight of oil—for the season of the year, the climate where you live, the kind of driving you do—then Gulfpride Motor is for you. But maybe you'd like an oil that's "just right" in any season and for all driving conditions. Then make your motor



oil Gulfpride Single-G. It eases cold starts. Stays right on the job even when your engine's sizzling hot. Gulfpride Single-G never lets down under any weather conditions—promises all the protection you could hope for (or pay for). Time for an oil change? Or for gasoline or tires or any of 100 other items your car could use? See your Gulf dealer for the wide selection to suit your car and your budget. Get into the Gulf habit. You'll like it. And so will your car. ☐ Gulf Oil Corporation.

GULF CARE MAKES YOUR CAR RUN BETTER



Are you a full-time businessman?

You should be—where the security of your family is concerned. Because their protection—your life insurance—is basically a business proposition. One that requires sound business judgment if mistakes and waste are to be avoided. To do this, let the choice of businessmen be your guide. Choose Aetna. No other insurance company is more highly regarded by business. This is apparent when you realize that

more businesses are group insured with Aetna than with any other company. You'll share this confidence when you discuss a program of family protection with your Aetna representative. Call him. You, and your family, will be glad you did.

AETNA LIFE INSURANCE 
THE CHOICE OF BUSINESSMEN IS THE CHOICE MADE WITH CONFIDENCE

AETNA LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, Hartford 15, Conn. ■ Whittier: Aetna Casualty and Surety Company, Standard Fire Insurance Company, The Executive Life, Canada

**Sports
Illustrated**

SEPTEMBER 23, 1993

THE DESPERATE CHASE

A couple of weeks away from the end of one of baseball's great careers, 42-year-old Stan Musial streaks toward the Cardinal bullpen with the abandon



The Cardinals are playing a brazen, banging kind of ball. On two successive plays, Tim McCover (left), who should have been out by several yards,



One of baseball's famed clichés is the cry of the team that is almost out of the race: "We've got to win 'em all." This is what the Cardinals were saying three weeks ago when they trailed the Dodgers by seven games. Since

then, in the hottest pennant drive in memory, St. Louis has climbed upward—crucial day by crucial day. Last week, true to the cliché, they won 'em all. Here, game by game, is an intimate look at the Cards' dramatic pursuit

of a rookie as he pursues a saggingly unspectacular foul fly. While his teammates shout "Room!" he judges, catches the ball, and then laughs.



scores when a bad throw gets past Milwaukee Catcher Del Crandall, and Pitcher Bob Gibson slams home after a ground ball is hit to the infield.



CONTINUED

THE FABULOUS SEVEN DAYS

by WILLIAM LEGGETT

MONDAY, SEPT. 9

Ten days ago nothing seemed to matter. The St. Louis Cardinals were seven games behind the Los Angeles Dodgers in the National League standings. Today everything matters. The Dodger lead is only three and experts everywhere maintain that the Dodgers are getting vertigo again, just as they did last September. Yesterday's 3-2 win over the Pirates in Pittsburgh was a big one for the Cardinals, and on their chartered flight back to St. Louis they were a happy team. Johnny Keene, the manager, puffed on a big cigar and thought of the possible joys that an 11-game home stand might bring. Tim McCarver, the 21-year-old catcher, wondered how many people were awaiting the team's arrival at Municipal Airport. McCarver had never been on a team that was met at an airport. Curt Flood, the center fielder, sketched to pass the time. Dick Groat, the bald-headed shortstop, kept being dealt bad hands in a bridge game. Shortly before the plane got to St. Louis the pilot picked up the major league baseball scores on the radio and announced that the Dodgers had lost to San Francisco 5-4. There were no cheers, "just loud smiles," as Flood put it. Three thousand people came out to the airport to welcome the Cards. The team was stunned. The good people of St. Louis want a pennant. They have not had one since 1946. That is a long time ago, a lot of waiting.

When Curt Flood woke up this morning at 10:20 the sight and sound of the people at the airport were still on his mind. "In all the time that I have been in baseball," "this is the first time that I have been in the thick of anything." Curt Flood has been in baseball for eight years and in center field for the Cardinals during the past four. At 3:30 p.m. he begins to think about tonight's ball game. Cal Koonce, a right-hander, will be pitching for the Chicago Cubs, and Flood usually hits Koonce well. Curt Simmons, a left-hander, will be pitching for the Cardinals, and Simmons has been pitching superbly of late. Flood is sure that the Cardinals are going to win this game.

"You get a feeling about certain guys," he says. "You know who is not going to let you down, Simmons will hold them close. We know that. If we can just get

him a couple of runs we are going to be all right."

At 4:15 Curt Flood arrives at Busch Stadium in his baby-blue 1962 Thunderbird. As he begins to sort his fan mail, Bob Bauman, the team trainer, is fooling around with a tape recorder, putting into place a ribbon with the song *Puss the Biscuits, Mami* on it. Twenty-one years ago, in the heat of a pennant fight with the Dodgers, the Cards played *Miami* after every win. Four years later, when the Cardinals slumped in a pennant drive, they asked that *Miami* be brought back again as a good-luck omen. *Miami* took the Cardinals to the World Series both times, but it has not been played in a Cardinal clubhouse in 17 years. A desperate search was conducted this month for a recording of *Miami*, but no one could find a copy of the record, which Spike Jones had made famous. Finally Jones himself was asked. He had one at his home in Beverly Hills, Calif., and a copy of it was made and put onto Bauman's tape. "If we win tonight," says Bauman, "I'm going to play *Miami* for these guys." Some trainers do not live by liniment alone.

As the Cardinals dress and Bauman has his tape recorder, Groat, the league's leading hitter, watches in his street clothes. On Sept. 4, in a rundown play against the New York Mets, Groat fractured a rib. Two days later Don Cardwell of the Pirates hit that injured rib with a fast ball. The Cards miss Groat, and Groat misses the Cardinals. He will probably rejoin them in five days. He hurts.

In the first inning Flood lashes a single to center to start a two-run rally. Simmons is magnificent, and in the seventh he works his way out of his only tight spot of the night. During the seventh, however, the Cardinals hear the sound of spikes coming down the steps from the clubhouse toward the dugout. They lean over and look at the door to see who is coming. Groat! Keene opens his mouth and stares. The players look at each other and say nothing, because nothing really needs to be said.

The Cards win the game easily, 6-0, and as they clatter up the steps to the clubhouse they hear *Miami*. Howie Pollet, the pitching coach, remembers *Miami* from both 1942 and 1946, when

he was pitching for the Cards himself. "Sounds just like old times. Yes sir, like old times," he says. The standings say:

	W	L	G.R.	TO GO
DODGERS	26	27		10
CARDS	24	29	3	17

TUESDAY, SEPT. 10

Bob Gibson, the right-handed pitcher, could not sleep last night. The idea of the pennant race caused him to toss and turn in his bed at the George Washington Hotel. He wanted to sleep late this morning, but at 10 a.m. he gave up even trying and decided to walk downtown and look in store windows. "Bob is always like that on the day he pitches," says Flood. "I know. I'm his roommate on the road. He gets up and he stalks around and turns on the television set and talks back to it. He gets grumpier and grumpier as game time gets closer, then sometimes he gets so bad that I want to throw a punch at him. But he senses this coming and takes himself a walk." Keene is putting Groat back in the lineup tonight. "Dick Groat has such a good eye," says Flood, "that he could hit .300 with a strand of barbed wire."

In the dressing room at 6 p.m. everyone is smoking cigars. Stan Musial, an outfielder, became a grandfather at 5 this morning. It's a boy. He is truly proud. "I'll take a \$25,000 bonus for him right now," he says. Funny thing about Musial, He lets everyone kid him, but suddenly he excuses himself from a knot of reporters and walks over to shake the hand of Corky Withrow, a kid the Cardinals bought from Denver four days ago for outfield insurance. Corky's wife had a baby last night. Boy, too. It was his first child, and his wife, Barbara, had been two weeks overdue. Musial massages Withrow's hair and pounds him on the back. "If there's anything you need," he says, "just let me know." Soon there is a procession of players moving toward Corky Withrow, a father and a Cardinal.

Lou Burdette, the semi-senior pitcher, begins to needle Gibson to get Gibson's mind off the game. Burdette, naturally, kids Gibson about his hitting ability, and Gibson loves it. "Bob Gibson," says Flood, "truly believes that he is a better hitter than Babe Ruth. Maybe

Ruth is better off that he is not around, because Gibson would try to give him lessons. Gibson and I start to talk about hitting sometimes, but after a few minutes he gives up. "Man, Flood," he will say. "I don't talk to no singles hitters. I go for downtown."

When Musial comes to bat in the first inning the ball park is in an uproar. People do not get a chance to see a grandfather hit in the major leagues too often. They shout, "Hit one for the baby, Stan," and other such pieces of nonsense. Groat, who has singled ahead of Musial, takes a short lead off first and twice clutches at his aching side. Glen Hobbie, the Chicago pitcher, stretches and throws one pitch to Musial. Stan bounces it off the pavilion roof in fight for a 2-0 lead. Hobbie had pitched 17½ scoreless innings before facing Musial. In the second, George Altman walks after Flood singles, and then Gibson homers into the bleachers in left. As he jogs slowly around the bases the players on the bench think he is showboating and scream, "Hoot! Hoot! Hoot!" Gibson is not showboating. He has felt a muscle spasm in his right side while pitching but refuses to tell anyone until after the game. He will say something about it only if he wins.

Gibson wins easily, 8-0, and *Mirandy* plays in the dressing rooms. The Cardinals have seen the Dodger score on the board all night long, and they know that the Dodgers have won 4-2 over Pittsburgh. Bill White, the first baseman, walks over to Gibson and says, "Man, you are a great pitcher but you are a lucky hitter." The win is the 13th for the St. Louis Cardinals in their last 14 games.

	W	L	G.B.	TD GO
DODGERS	87	87		18
CARDS	86	81	3	16

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 11

Mike Shannon is 24 years old, has been married for three and a half years and has four children. This afternoon he took his family shopping in the car, and while the kids yelled and fussed he sat behind the wheel with a pounding toothache. He knows that he probably won't play tonight, because the Cubs are throwing their 20-game winner, Dick Ellsworth, and Ellsworth has given the Cardinals a total of two runs this year in three games. The Cardinals will lose tonight, should lose tonight, but Curt Flood doesn't think so. "This isn't going to be any picnic," he says. "Remember, though,

that we have old Mr. Mo on our side. Momentum."

Ray Sadecki, the Cardinal pitcher, gets himself in trouble in the first three innings, but outstanding plays by Third Baseman Ken Boyer and Right Fielder Charlie James save him. In the fourth, Chicago's Ron Santo walks and Ellis Burton lifts a high foul down the left-field line. Boyer can't get to the ball, and it will drop untouched. Wait. Musial is coming. He hasn't moved this fast since 1942. He keeps his eye on the ball and lets the bullpen guide him. It is like tugs pulling the *S.S. United States* into Pier 86. "Room! Room!" hollers Bobby Shantz, letting Musial know that he will not crash into the stands. Musial lunges and gets the ball. He has made many great catches in his life, but not many better ones than this.

Musial knocks home a run in the bottom of the fourth, and so does Flood. In the sixth, with the score 2-0, Sadecki gets himself in trouble again when a walk and a single put runners on first and second. There are two outs, but Keane knows that every situation is critical. He calls on Ron Taylor, a right-hander, and Taylor gets Hubbs to fly to left.

In the eighth the Cubs look like they can blow the ball game apart. A single and a walk put two on, and Billy Williams, a good lefty power hitter, comes to the plate. "Recently," figures Flood, "I've been getting bulls hit to me in critical situations, and sometimes I break out in a cold sweat under them." Flood sees Taylor throw a fast ball on the outside corner and leans to his right. Williams lines the ball to left center for at least a double and two runs. But Flood is running at top speed and might get there. No, he can't.

But instead of cutting the ball off and holding Williams to a double, Flood is still gambling to reach it. In the last possible instant he catches the ball, and the Cardinal team comes to the top of the dugout steps and applauds him.

With a runner on first and two out in the bottom of the eighth, Mike Shannon comes to bat. In the seventh he had replaced Musial. Along with Gary Kolb and Dal Maxwell, Shannon must play his games as a defensive man only. The three call themselves the Chinese Bandits. Flood is in the on-deck circle and watches Shannon challenge Ellsworth. The Cardinals need some elbow room here if they can get it. Shannon hits his first major league home run, 390 feet to left

center field, and the final score is 4-0.

Sad Sam Jones, the ancient relief pitcher, turns *Mirandy* up loud in the dressing room. He shakes a toothpick from an old olive oil bottle and talks slowly to Shannon. "Did you watch it go in?"

"No," says Shannon. "I thought it was up enough to get in, but I just started to run."

"When I get one," says Sam, "I like to watch it go in. Kinda make sure it don't hurt any children." Jones roars.

The Dodgers win in Pittsburgh 9-4.

	W	L	G.B.	TD GO
DODGERS	88	87		17
CARDS	88	81	3	16

THURSDAY, SEPT. 12

Curt Flood rises early this morning and reads James Baldwin's *Another Country*. "It is very hard and very slow for me to read this," he says. "I feel it all so deeply." He takes out a pencil and his sketch pad and does some cartoons of the Cardinals making things tough for the Dodgers. "The Dodgers," he says, "are playing great ball." He sketches because "it keeps the pressure away from me." Today all the Cardinals would like a "laugher," an easy game.

The Cards get a two-run lead off their old teammate, Larry Jackson, and in the fifth inning, when Jackson walks White with the bases loaded, Chicago's Don Ebson is called from the bullpen. Flood drives a single to center, and the Cards are ahead 5-0. They get their "laugher," 8-3. In the dressing room, as *Mirandy* blazes away, Dick Groat lies on a training table with a "deep heat machine" on his chest. "It hurt me to yell, so I asked to come out in the eighth inning," he says. "We cannot afford to lose one single game. The Dodger game is going to be broadcast here tonight, but I'm not going to listen to it. I'm just going to think all night about Warren Spahn."

Late in the afternoon the New York Yankees ask for 50 rooms in the DeVille Motor Hotel for October 4 to 7. At night the Dodgers beat the Pirates 5-3.

	W	L	G.B.	TD GO
DODGERS	88	87		16
CARDS	87	81	3	14

FRIDAY, SEPT. 13

This morning a man went out to the St. Louis zoo at Forest Park. It is a wonderful zoo, known the world over. There is a great cat at the St. Louis zoo. Mr. Moke is on display there, and Mr. Moke is the only talking chimpanzee in

continued

the world. Mr. Moke says two words: "no" and "mama." The man asked Mr. Moke a simple question, "Mr. Moke, are the Dodgers going to win the National League pennant?" Mr. Moke scratched his head and thought a lot, and what he finally said wasn't "mama."

Curt Flood thought a lot about Warren Spahn of the Milwaukee Braves this morning. "He's been jazing me for a long time," he said. "He wastes his fast ball and gets me to swing at his off-speed stuff. Musial's the guy. Musial murders Spahn. He always has."

At lunchtime Warren Spahn talks about Musial. "We've battled over the years," he says. "I'm going to miss Musial when he retires, for two reasons. The first one is that he is great for baseball. The second is that in 23 years he is the guy that I haven't been able to find a way to pitch to." In the bottom of the first, with two men out, Musial dugs in against Spahn. They will never face each other again. Musial pumps Spahn's first pitch toward the right-field pavilion. A double, it muses being a home run by inches. Spahn kicks the mound. He tries to jam Ken Boyer, but Boyer is out in front of the pitch and hits it into the left-field bleachers. Musial waits for Boyer at the plate and shakes his hand. In the second, Spahn comes over the outside of the plate with a fast ball, and Flood lines a single to right. He cruises into second when Henry Aaron bobbles the ball. The rally does not die until the Cardinals have a 7-0 lead. "All through the game," Flood says later, "I kept hollering at the pitcher [Curt Simmons] I know he can't hear me from center field, but I yell to keep myself on my toes. I'm really yelling at myself."

Myriad plays louder than ever and over and over in the dressing room. The Cardinals have won their 16th game in their last 17. Flood has now hit in 14 straight games. Musial is hitting .571 since Monday. Curt Simmons has pitched three consecutive shutouts for the first time in his long career. The Dodgers split a pair of tight, tough games in Philadelphia.

	W	L	G.E.	TO GO
ODDGERS	80	88		14
CARDS	88	81	2½	13

SATURDAY, SEPT. 14

Last night Tim McCarver, the catcher, went out with Ann McDaniel. She is from Memphis, and so is he. She is on her way to the University of Oklahoma,

where McCarver is a sophomore, and he has invited her to spend the weekend in St. Louis. She is also going to drive McCarver's car back to school, and this makes her the best-looking chauffeur of all time. They will not allow their pictures to be taken, though. They are not quite that serious yet.

Early this afternoon McCarver watches the Milwaukee pitcher, Bob Sadowski, warm up. Sadowski is about the best friend that Tim McCarver has in the world. In 1960 they played together in Memphis; in 1961 in Charleston; in 1962 in Atlanta. Next December, when Bob Sadowski's wife has her first child, Tim McCarver is going to be the godfather. "Bob," says McCarver, "is a great pitcher." The Cardinals traded Sadowski to the Braves this spring along with Gene Oliver in exchange for Lou Burdette. "Bob," says McCarver, "is an unlucky pitcher." Sadowski has won his last four decisions and carries the best earned run average (2.34) on the Brave pitching staff, though his record is only 5-5. In five games this year in which he has lost or not figured in a decision, the Braves have provided him with a total of only three runs.

In the second inning McCarver gets the first hit off Sadowski, a fruitless single. Leading off in the fifth, however, he lines a sharp single off Sadowski's ankle. Sadowski is hurt, and the Braves rush to his side. He tries a few pitches and says he can continue. After George Altman flies out, Pitcher Bob Gibson comes to bat. Gibson belts one to left that is in the bleachers, but an anxious fan reaches out and touches the ball before it can reach the home run level. Umpire Stan Landes rules interference. The fans boo, but the call is correct. For the first time in a week a critical break has gone against the Cardinals.

McCarver is held at third and Gibson at second by the ruling. Bob Sadowski is in trouble. As he faces Julian Javier he has only one choice with his first pitch, and he uses it. Sadowski does not truly aim at Javier's head. He throws a fast ball at the bill of Javier's cap, and Javier spins into the dirt. Good pitch. With the infield in close, Javier hits the ball to Shortstop Roy McMillan, and McCarver breaks for the plate. McCarver should be out by 20 feet, but McMillan's throw as on a short hop and scoots past Catcher Del Crandall. The breaks are back with the Cardinals. Dick Groat hits an outside pitch to second base, and Frank Bolling's weak and wild throw is nnt in

time to get Gibson sliding into home.

In the sixth, Bill White homers to put the Cardinals in front 3-0. The Braves rally in the ninth, but a fine play by Boyer at third and some excellent relief pitching by Ron Taylor pull the Cards out of trouble.

Manager Johnny Keane sits in his office and says, "It's a great thing to see kids like McCarver and Sadowski battle one another. They were always together, kidding one another and helping one another out when I had them in St. Petersburg this spring. I guess at night they would go out together and have a few beers. Both of them are high-class boys."

Twenty-six years ago Johnny Keane, a shortstop with Houston in the Texas League, used to go out and have a couple of beers with the first baseman on his team. Both of them were high-class boys. The first baseman was Walter Alston.

	W	L	G.E.	TO GO
ODDGERS	81	88		13
CARDS	88	81	2½	12

SUNDAY, SEPT. 15

Ken Boyer arrives early at Busch Stadium for the doubleheader with the Braves. Three days ago he was hit by a Larry Jackson pitch, and he has been wearing a red golf glove on his right hand. The hand still hurts. Standing in front of his locker he says, "I can't get the feel of the bat. I'm going to try and get by without the glove today."

During batting practice Boyer hits for five minutes, and his swing feels more natural but not really good. In the second inning he comes to bat and lines a sharp double just an inch far down the left-field line. Bill White promptly follows with a home run. In the fourth Boyer drives one of Bob Hendley's pitches 365 feet into the left-field bleachers. When the scoreboard puts up two runs for the Phillies, to send them ahead of the Dodgers 4-1, Gary Kolb, who is the funny man of the Chinese Bandits, walks the length of the dugout on his heels and swings his fists exuberantly through the air.

Lou Burdette pitches excellent baseball until the top of the seventh, when he gives up a two-run homer to Henry Aaron. Burdette stands on the mound and swears at himself. But his real trouble lies ahead. In the top of the ninth, protecting his 3-2 lead, Burdette quickly gets two outs. Now he must face Eddie Mathews, one of the best home-run hitters in the history of the game. Burdette walks behind the mound, turns

Heat treatments help heal Graaf's injured ribs, but his persistent fever rages out of control

toward center field and bows his head over the ball. As he gets ready to pitch, Mathews asks Plate Umpire Tom Gorman to examine the ball. Mathews, a teammate of Burdette's for 11 years, suspects that Lou might be throwing a spitball. Gorman calls for the ball, and Burdette throws it to him on a nice, short, antiseptic bounce. To Gorman the ball seems dirty, not wet. He throws the ball out of the game. Twice, as Burdette gets ready to throw two-strike pitches, Mathews backs out of the batter's box and Burdette's shoulders sag. Finally Burdette throws a perfect pitch low and away, and Mathews merely doubles it to left. Burdette gets the last out on a long fly ball to Center Fielder Curt Flood. Pass the biscuits.

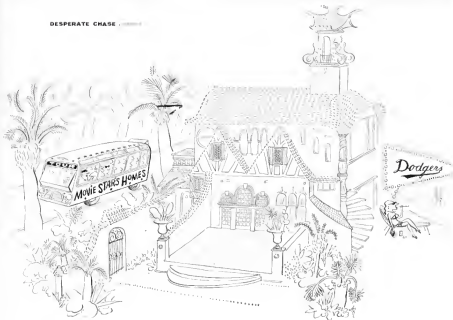
What does Julian Javier think when he hears *Pero the Breasts, Miranda?* He has trouble with English, and the song must sound kind of silly to him. In the Dominican Republic, where he comes from, they never heard anything quite like it. But he knows there is magic in the music.

The second inning of the second game, Javier bats in the Cardinals' second run, and then in the fourth he makes one of the big plays of this entire, desperate chase. With a runner on third, Javier on first and one out, Dick Groat slams a hard grounder and Shortstop Roy McMillan makes a brilliant stop to set up a sure double play. McMillan throws the ball to Second Baseman Frank Bolling, but Javier slides hard into Bolling, whose throw to first pulls Joe Torre one step off the bag and toward the bustling Groat. Groat now smashes into Torre, who drops the ball as that very comforting extra run scores. Bolling has to be taken from the game. Javier walks around dizzy. Bolling has kicked Javier in the head. It is bang-bang baseball, and it is winning baseball.

With Ray Sadecka pitching a five-hitter, the Cardinals ease in, 5-0. *Miranda* plays on and on in the clubhouse after the game. The Cardinals have now won 10 in a row, and 19 of their last 20. With the Dodgers coming to town tomorrow for a three-game series, the impossible is now possible—very possible. No one can remember as far back as last Monday,



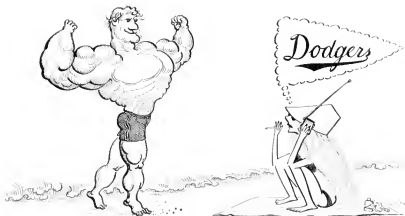
	W	L	G.R.	TO GO
ODGERS	01	06		12
CARDS	01	04	1	10



Back at the rococo ranch . . .



and everywhere else in Los Angeles, a nervous citizenry is consumed with a black thought: Will the Dodgers blow the pennant again? Nurtured on Hollywood improbables, Dodger fans enjoy suspense, but they enjoy it most when the U.S. Cavalry arrives on time. Last year the detested Giants stormed the town, massacred the Dodgers, and the Cavalry never did show up. Outwardly, L.A. life goes on as usual this week. But not really. The recollection of the Dodgers' final resting place in 1962 is too fresh. Though the city's monument-minded morticians maintain their normally sober mien, crossed fingers reveal their primary concern. Movie stars lounge, body-beautiful boys strut and evangelists warn of another kind of doom—as always—but the message is not getting through. In Los Angeles there is one thought. survival.



THE PROS OPEN UP FULL BLAST

The Bears discovered that the Packers were human and the touted Cowboys landed on their heads, but the proud old Giants, just to prove that the NFL was still the NFL, wore their age quite well **by TEX MAULE**

Age had its day, youth was denied and the Green Bay Packers proved to be venerable after all. Which meant that the National Football League was back in business once again, opening its 44th season before packed stands, as usual, and producing the usual quota of crunching noises, brilliant games—and an occasional surprise.

The biggest surprise of all, as well as a good share of the crunching brilliance, was supplied by the Chicago Bears. George Halas, at 68 the oldest active coach in the league, turned to simplicity to provide a most extraordinary reversal of form. Discarding the complicated defenses and the wide variety of offenses that have sometimes worked against the Bears in recent years, the old man of the Midway winnowed a small selection of plays from the Bear crop. He drilled his team in these plays until they executed both offense and defense to perfection, then loosed them on the Packers.

"We won't have many plays," he said grimly before the game. "But what we do, we're going to do well. We may get beat, but we won't beat ourselves this time with missed assignments."

It was the Packers who missed, on all cylinders. Bart Starr, the leading passer in the league last season, spent most of the afternoon horizontally, and rugged Jim Taylor, the leading rusher, could hardly get to the line of scrimmage. The vaunted Green Bay attack gained just 150 yards. In the meantime Chicago's lean stock of offensive plays worked well enough for a 10-3 victory.

There was no magic in the upset. The defense used by the Bears was the same most teams use in the NFL, basically a 4-3-4, flexible enough to shift into a zone or man-to-man. But seldom in recent years has a Bear team operated its defenses as violently.

"Joe," said linebacker Bill George to Line Coach Joe Stydahar before the game, "I'm going to play a hell of a game for you tomorrow. I promise." He did.

Defensive signals were called by Corner

Linebacker Joe Fortunato and, if he made a mistake all afternoon, it certainly didn't show. The Bears sometimes sent in all three linebackers on a fierce blitz, sometimes sent in only the four "rush men," as they call their defensive line. The defensive personnel of the Bears has, for several years, been considered among the best in the league, and Halas has made no changes in it. He simply cut down on the complexity of assignments so that the players could react instinctively instead of having to stop and think. This, in itself, speeded up the Bear defense.

Of course, the new Chicago defensive philosophy came as no surprise to Green Bay's Vince Lombardi, whose scouts had watched the Bears mastering it through the exhibition season. The Packers had beaten the old Bear shifting defenses completely: Lombardi was not so sure that the new solid one would be easy.

Before the game Lombardi expressed apprehension. "One of the regrets of my life is that Halas has changed his defense, and I'm sorry that he has cut down on his offensive plays, too."

In other big games, the young Dallas Cowboys, one of the favorites to win the Eastern Division championship, suffered a sad case of jitters in losing to the St. Louis Cardinals, 34-7. For a quarter and a half, the Cowboys played remarkably well, leading 7-3. Then the Cardinals struck for 17 points in the closing minutes of the first half—and the Cowboys collapsed.

The key to the Cardinal success was pass-protection blocking. "I was never caught back there once," Quarterback Charley Johnson said. On the other hand, Don Meredith, the Cowboy quarterback, in his last 13 pass attempts was trapped for losses of six, six and nine yards and was hurried into five incomplete throws.

Faced with even more bad luck than the Cowboys, the elderly New York Giants refused to get terribly upset. A series of fumbles early in the game pro-

sented the Baltimore Colts with a quick 21-3 lead, at which point the Colts, not the Giants, lost their poise. Old Y A. Tittle began to pick them apart. Well aware that the Baltimore linebackers are not the fleetest pass defenders in the world, Tittle exploited a pass pattern that isolates a corner linebacker on Halfback Phil King, pitched to the wide-open King for a 46-yard touchdown, then hit him a few moments later on the same pattern for a 29-yard gain to set up another Giant touchdown. Between times Tittle punched imperturbably at the weak defensive right tackle of the Colts for small but important gains. And finally, just before the end of the half, he used a pass pattern similar to the one that had so successfully freed King and lofted a wonderfully thrown soft pass to Halfback Hugh McElhinny, who caught it in the end zone behind a frantically scurrying Colt linebacker. This brought the score at half time to 28-24, still favor of the Colts, but it is doubtful that even the rabidly loyal Baltimore fans, sitting in a dreary rain, really thought that the Colts would win. They were shut out in the second half as Tittle scored a touchdown himself and Alex Webster got another to beat the Colts 37-28.

Elsewhere, things went pretty much as expected, except that the Cleveland Browns demonstrated unexpected explosive power in demolishing the Washington Redskins. The most significant contribution to the Browns' victory was the quarterbacking and passing of Frank Ryan; if he has blossomed, the Browns will be a far better team than most experts thought. Ryan completed 21 of 32 passes for 334 yards and his passing opened up the Redskin defenses for Jim Brown, who ran for 162 yards in 15 tries.

Figuring the form of the NFL teams from the opening weekend, it looks like a tight race in both divisions. **END**

Great Halfback Phil King, an unexpected pass receiver, helped Y. A. Tittle riddle the Colts.



COLLEGE FOOTBALL 1963

THROW THROW

In a year of exceptional quarterbacks, the nation's leading teams will open their offenses and pass often, but defensive-minded Texas should finish unbeaten and No. 1 **BY DAN JENKINS**

A college football season has arrived at last in which the normally overcautious, self-tortured coach can quit stumbling over the water bucket every time his team fails to kick by third down. Durrell, Bear, Rip, Frank—the whole clan—have discovered that daring alternative, the forward pass, and in 1963 they will put the ball in the air more often by hand than by foot.

Job security being their first preoccupation, Texas' Durrell Royal, Alabama's Bear Bryant, Penn State's Rip Engle and Arkansas' Frank Broyles are not exactly doing funny imitations over this turn of events, but by their records of the past few years (see chart page 33) they have proved that they know how to spot a trend. Even more important, they know how to adjust to it.

Actually, these pathfinders led them-

selves inadvertently into the ulcerous new era of a wider, more open game by their own defensive thoroughness. While they managed to raise their infamous clouds of dust all right, the three yards that were supposed to follow became increasingly scarce. What the new style amounts to is another cycle in the evolution of modern T formation football. As the 5-2 Eagle defense caught up with the early straight T and the Oklahoma 5-4 shriveled the split T, the wide tackle six and the Monster (a roving line-hucker) all but annihilated the power-accented wing T. As a result, college football's newest in trend is the shifting T and its newest in term is "extended motion."

In language that maybe the hands, the cheerleaders and even the spectators can understand, the shifting T will offer a

more imaginative use of flankers, slot-backs and split ends deploying out of a shift just before the ball is snapped. The man in extended motion merely will take a wider route. The grand design is to scatter the defense and make the monster linehucker a poor guesser. And to make this offense work, the colleges must throw the football.

The season's two significant rules changes reinforce the decisions to pass more. Essentially, the substitution rule erases three-unit play. While coaches neither understand the rule nor approve it, they can see readily where flare passes to the sidelines will stop the clock, allowing them to invert specialists on second and third down. The other rule, which makes the quarterback eligible to receive a pass, already has the country's fullbacks spiraling footballs through the

air with visions of quarterback glory dancing in their heads.

But the quarterbacks themselves will do most of the passing, and never have the colleges been so abundantly equipped in this department than they are this year. According to a majority of scouts, Miami's George Mira (see *cover* and page 96) is the best. But there are so many others of similarly proven talent pressing him that by the end of the season there will be people in every section of the country who will swear that they have the best boy, regardless of what All-America selection committees think. (For those closest to Mira, see scouting reports beginning on page 4.)

There also will be plenty of unconvinced partisans when the final standings of the top teams are published. Strenuous schedules both inside and outside their areas could easily reduce the won-lost records of some of the strongest teams in the land to the point where hardly any outsider would be impressed. Several of those on the 11 Best Elevens, selected by the editors of *SEVENTH ILLUSTRATED* and listed in order of their expected finish (*right*), meet head-on. Texas plays both Oklahoma and Arkansas, USC faces Washington and the Sooners. Northwestern meets Wisconsin and Alabama must reckon with Miami. If these teams fall, Nebraska, Navy, Florida and Clemson could push their way inside, but it is unlikely that any will push as far up as Texas, which should finish the season undefeated, the strongest team of 1963.

The strongest team has in the person of Darrell Royal a strong coach and strong athletic director with a curiously mixed attitude about the trend of 1963. Royal's record is exceptional, but his idea about throwing the football is as typically collegiate as the drugstore on the main drag.

"Sure we're in the entertainment business," says Royal, "and as an athletic director I can see that it would be good to open up our game a little. But as a coach I can assure you that nothing is as entertaining as winning. If a pro team knew it could win every game by not throwing a pass, I think I know what it would do. No good coach is ever going to neglect defense or the kicking game. We have neglected the pass, and

we'll work harder on that. But we'll do it because we think it'll help us win, not because it's better show biz."

If the college coach was once a caricature of a growling man in a faded sweat-shirt and baggy canvas pants, he is today almost another cliché. He is young, vigorous, persuasive, militant and enthusiastic. Darrell Royal typifies the rising young coach who has dominated the college game in recent years with his personality as well as his success. Others

OUR 11 BEST ELEVENs

Texas 9-0-1

Alabama 9-1

USC 8-2

Northwestern 7-2

Oklahoma 8-2

Mississippi 9-0

Arkansas 9-1

Wisconsin 7-2

Miami 8-2

Washington 8-2

Penn State 8-2

are Broyles, Missouri's Dan Devine, Washington's Jim Owens, Northwestern's Ara Parseghian and Army's Paul Dietzel. But Royal's five-year record in the Southwest Conference—as tough a league as any and tougher than most—thrust against the light of his steady competition is the best in the country. (Mississippi's Johnny Vaught has won more often, but he plays an easier schedule.) Royal has won or tied for three conference championships in six seasons, been to five bowl games, beaten a glib enemy Oklahoma five consecutive times, never lost more than three games in a single season, never finished lower than fourth in the SWC. Except for two of those furious upsets that characterize the Southwest, Royal's teams of the last two years (9-1 in 1961, 9-0-1 in 1962) could have been national champions. The 1963 team is better than either of the previous two.

To accomplish all of this, Darrell Royal has built on the bricks of defense and good kicking. As a very good split T quarterback under Bud Wilkinson at Oklahoma (he was one of four quarterbacks selected on All-America teams in 1949), Royal seldom passed or needed to. He came into coaching in a conservative age when one paid obedience only to field position. Behind field-position football was a theory that it was more important to be in the other team's territory than to have the ball. "If the other team can't score on you," Royal once said, "then you can't lose. You can tie, but you can't lose."

With this philosophy, Royal arrived at Texas in 1957. He was then 32, cautious, grim, tense, self-conscious, ambitious. If he had a sense of humor, it failed to show. The team he inherited had a 1-9 record the previous season. Oklahoma had beaten Texas for five straight years, and eight of the last nine. He did not even have a secretary. Was any of that supposed to be funny?

"We'll hit," said Royal coolly. "We'll find us some guys around here who want to dance every dance, and we'll turn that thing up in Dallas [the Oklahoma game] into a bloodletting again."

These words were just what the vast Texas alumni wanted to hear. So was his first year's record. He ended the season by taking a mixture of beat-dog seniors and eager sophomores into the Sugar Bowl with a 6-3-1 record. No Texas team since has had a record as spotted as that first one.

Despite success, Royal's Longhorns today have the same flavor of his early teams. They are alert, lean, funatical, quick-hitting Texans who tackle in swarms and sprint to the scrimmage line as if their very lives were at stake.

"You can only get this kind of pride if you build from defense," says Royal. "We're proud of our defense."

Texas should be. In Royal's six seasons the Longhorns have made 28 successful goal line stands inside their 10-yard line, and 14 of those have been the major factor in winning games.

"Our theory is, when the other team gets inside our 20, we attack," Darrell says. "Last year Arkansas in the big game had us 3-0 and had second down on our three. It looked like it was all over,

continued

But Johnny Treadwell, our All-America linebacker, called the defense together and said, 'O.K., gang. We've got 'em by the tail now. They've run out of passing room. They've gotta run straight at us.' On the next play Treadwell and Pat Culpepper hit their fullback flush, caused him to fumble, and we got it. That fumble won us a championship. The point is, our kids believed in their defense and made it work. Man, it's fun to coach a team like that."

If pride is 50% of football, as most pep talks insist, then in one sense instilling it at Texas has been an easy thing for Royal to do. "It's a luxury to coach at a place like Texas," he says. "We're the biggest school in a big state. Why try to hide it? When a kid puts on the University of Texas uniform, we tell him that he's just naturally expected to believe in himself. An athlete will perform better if he feels he is representing the best of all possible institutions, and it's better if he can look around and be convinced of it."

This (to Royal) self-evident truth occurred to him sometime during his boyhood when he was growing up in Hollis, Okla., in dust-bowl country. He recalls now how he lived in constant dread of

having to wear government-supplied clothing. "I never had much," he says. "We didn't go hungry and I'll always remember that my dad worked so hard that we bought our own clothes. But you can't kid a kid. If he's got eyes, he can look around and see that somebody else has got on a better coat."

Texas players with eyes need only look around them at the lovely, tree-shaded campus in Austin to see the results of six years of the Royal treatment. They include: an \$80,000 letterman's "T Room" in the stadium, complete with snack bar, study lounge, portrait gallery of past heroes, all of it "done right," as Royal says, by an interior decorator; new offices for the athletic staff and secretaries; a remodeled press box; a full-time tutor, Ian Hewlett, whose job as "brain coach" is to keep athletes studying and eligible; new turf for the stadium; new turf and a beautification program for the practice field (Royal chose the grass); repaving and recurbing of stadium parking lots, driveways and flower beds; remodeling of concession stands; changing of the game uniforms from bright orange to burnt orange, the official school color; and new workout equipment (almost every other

school in the country uses game suits).

In addition, Royal takes all travel arrangements sternly into hand. "I want our athletes to dress right, travel right, eat good and stay in good places. Things like this must never be an issue," he says. "All of these things sustain morale."

Royal's awareness of the image has led him to become a public relations pacesetter among coaches. The evening before every game in Austin he is host at a cocktail party for the visiting officials and press. He also rents a hotel suite for a post-game interview party, win or lose, and holds court there with his attractive wife, Edith. In the off season, Royal makes periodic good-will trips around the state, playing golf and dining with sportswriters and alumni groups that now cherish each opportunity to rise. Stetsons over their hearts, and song "The Eyes." Says Royal, "I like those guys who are shot in the rump with orange. Good recruiters."

All of this would seem to indicate that Darrell Royal is quite the politician, but the fact is that aside from being a smart football coach he can only be described as quite the golfer.

At conventions, clinics, business meetings or rules discussions, unless Royal is absolutely needed, he will be sneaking out to the nearest golf course. "I'll never be president of the coaches' association," he says, "because they put me to sleep when they start talking about group insurance and retirement benefits. I guess I'd rather play golf and complain about the rules."

Royal often plays with his assistants, who approach the game with the same fanaticism he does. Four of the Texas coaches—Royal, Jim Pittman, Mike Campbell and Russell Coffee—shoot in the 70s. The entire Texas staff probably can defeat any coaching staff in the U.S.

Royal's assistants talk, act, dress and almost look like him. At present, they wear short-sleeved dress shirts, preferably with button-down collars, thin ties, dark beltless slacks, loafers and conservative blazers.

"I'm convinced the world is divided into winners and losers," says Royal. "Some teams are born losers. It's their history, just like it's the history of Texas never to stay down for very long. Three years ago we didn't belong on the same field with one particular team. But I knew if our kids could stay with 'em in-



DARRELL ROYAL OF TEXAS: WITHIN SIGHT OF THE STATE CAPITOL, A WINNING IMAGE

til the fourth quarter that other team would find some way to lose. I told our kids this. 'They'll give it to you,' I said. 'It's their history.' And they did. They blew it.

"I know what it's like to take those long bus trips to a game. Eat that box lunch. You pull into the big school's campus, and its campus is prettier, the stadium's bigger, the dressing room is better. Your fans can talk it up all the year. They're not even thinking about you until a couple of days before the game. Then they fry your chestnuts and forget about you until next year.

"You hear guys who went to another school in our conference—A&M, Baylor or somewhere—talk for 20 minutes on why they didn't want to go to Texas. But you'll never hear a Longhorn explaining why he didn't go to another school. Put me in a room with 50 people and tell me that half of them went to Texas. I'll sort 'em out. The guy with the blue serge suit with his green socks rolled down didn't go to Texas."

A man of endless energy, Royal is an early riser who insists that he has never been worn by the unglamorous aspects of coaching: recruiting trips, banquets, film study, interviews, spring workouts, glad-handing. If he is an image-seeker, he could not care less about status. "Some coaches," he says, "not only want to be the best at their trade, they want to be the richest. I want my family to be comfortable, but I can't even read the stock reports. I haven't been 'put in on' any great financial deals by any oil or cattle barons, and I'm not looking for any. The friends I have in Texas, rich or poor, are the people I like and enjoy. Aside from my salary (\$20,000), I've got a television show. I've been given two automobiles. I've been taken to Mexico for a vacation. Like others, I make some money out of talks and clinics, and I've got a book out. That's the extent of my great wealth."

Not quite. Royal forgets to include the scads of highly sought-after Texas high school players who keep flocking to Austin to play for a coach who believes, "If we can kick the ball from our 30 to their 10, that's six first downs in one play. Most teams, I'd guess, work on their kicking game at the end of practice when everyone is tired. We work on it first."

THE 11 BEST COACHES OF THE LAST FIVE YEARS

COACH AND SCHOOL	1986	1989	1990	1991	1992	WON RECORDED	TITLES	BOWLS
Johnny Vaughn <i>Mississippi</i>	8-2	9-1	9-0-1	9-1	9-0	44-4-1	2	5
Darrell Royal <i>Texas</i>	7-3	9-2	7-3	9-1	9-0-3	41-8-1	3	4
Paul Bryant <i>Alabama</i>	5-4-1	7-1-2	8-4-1	10-0	9-1	79-7-4	1	4
Paul Dietzel <i>LSU, Army</i>	10-0	9-1	5-4-1	9-1	6-4	39-10-1	1	3
Bob Devaney <i>Wisconsin, Nebraska</i>	7-3	9-1	8-2	6-1-2	8-2	38-9-2	4	2
Ben Schwartzwalder <i>Syracuse</i>	8-1	10-0	7-2	7-3	5-5	37-11	1	3
Frank Kush <i>Arizona State</i>	7-3-0	10-1-0	7-3-0	7-3-0	7-2-1	38-12-1	2	0
Frank Broyles <i>Arkansas</i>	4-6	8-2	8-2	8-2	9-1	37-13	3	4
Rip Engle <i>Penn State</i>	6-3-1	8-2	6-3	7-3	9-1	36-12-1	1	3
Ralph Jordan <i>Auburn</i>	9-0-1	7-3-0	8-2-0	6-4-0	6-3-1	36-12-2	0	0
Dan Devine <i>Missouri</i>	5-4-1	6-4	9-1	7-2-1	7-1-2	34-12-4	1	3

Still, Royal began last spring exaggerating the work on passing. His quarterbacks, who have private meetings with him daily during the season, were throwing 50 balls a day, as opposed to 50 per week in the past. As a result, senior Duke Carlisle threw four touchdown passes in the spring game. "Our offense looked so good I was worried sick about the defense," Royal says.

"Last year we were criticized for being dull. Well, you make the best of your material. When we had that maw [Jimmy Saxton, 1959-61] who broke up games, we weren't dull. Last year, we didn't have him. So some people thought we were uninspiring because we had to scoop out every yard. But we were undefeated. I've tried to think what a coach wants. I guess he wants to be considered the same way all the time because he knows he can't stay up there forever. At first, our fans only wanted to win. Now they not only want to win, they want to win big and flamboyantly."

Royal himself is more flamboyant, more of an outgoing person than he was

in the beginning. On the sidelines he is still a tense, often grim, pacer and finger-flicker. But he maintains great rapport with his players ("He talks our language," says Carlisle). He is in complete control of the game. And away from the field Royal has learned to take criticism about his conservative play without bristling. Last month at the college All-Star game in Chicago, Royal arrived at a party wearing a tiny tie clasp with a punter on it. When he walked over to greet Sports Columnist Bud Shrake of *The Dallas Morning News*, one of his most persistent needlers, the writer quickly pointed to the tie clasp and said, "What is it, Darrell, second-and-two?"

Once Royal would have turned red as an Oklahoma beet and sulked away. But he laughed and began moving around the room repeating the wisecrack. The winners always tell jokes.

Where does Royal get his raw material? Texas' giant high school football program is shown on the next 12 pages

TEXAS IS WHERE THE BOYS ARE

It is fall in West Texas, and across that windswept land sounds the hard smack of pads as high school boys prepare for the holy war that is Texas football. From this brimming reservoir, composed of 936 high school teams, come the players that annually provide the Southwest Conference with a seemingly endless supply of first-rate youngsters. Some of the boys on these pages have gone on to college now, their places taken by thousands more just as lean, just as swift, just as tough, just as determined to become All-Americans themselves someday.







The ballet of calisthenics, a pregame ritual, is performed intently by



characteristically lean linemen on the cold, bleached turf of West Texas.



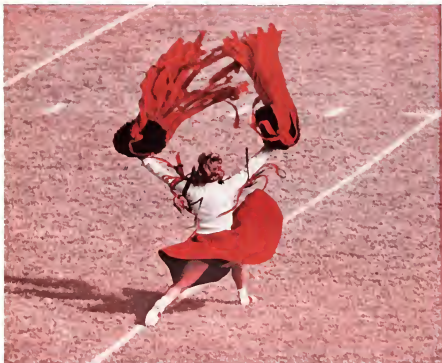


The town is Stamford, but it could be Muleshoe or Breckenridge or Jasper. Anywhere in Texas where football is played, the ticket line (above) forms early.

Inside the locker room, away from families, sweethearts and friends, a tense team listens patiently while its coach issues his final impassioned challenge.

His eyes shut, headgear scarred by headlong falls, an Abilene runner (right), one step ahead of a pursuing tackler, strains for every extra yard he can get.

A whirlwind of color on the sere turf, an exuberant cheerleader bounds onto the field, announcing to a whole town that its boys are coming out and ready.





As ruggedly individual as a wildcatting oil driller, an odd-helmeted center



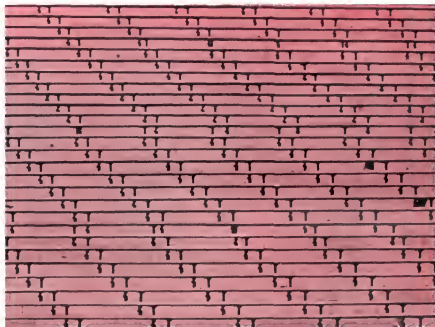
breaks away from the huddle and sprints to the scrimmage line.





Defeat is tragic. During a locker room wake a losing player is comforted by a sympathizing coach while, outside, a Texas town is wrapped in gloom.

The game over, the last spectator gone, a lone member of the band disappears through a shaded portal and stillness settles on the emptied stadium.



Introducing the Daiquiri Collins!



Tastes like a Daiquiri

cools like a Collins

Each can of Daiquiri Mix makes 6 Daiquiri Collins—all at once or one at a time. Unused mix stays fresh in the refrigerator for days.

Make this frosty new summer cooler at home in 30 seconds flat with Frozen Fresh Daiquiri Mix!

HERE'S a great new drink idea for hot, muggy summer days. It's the long, tall Daiquiri Collins. You can mix one in almost no time at all. And you can do it at home. Tonight.

The secret: new Frozen Fresh Daiquiri Mix. It saves you the time and bother of slicing and squeezing limes. This new mix is 100 percent pure tropical lime juice plus just enough sugar to complement the

extra dryness of white Puerto Rican rum. Look for it in the freezer cabinet at your grocery, supermarket or liquor store.

How to make a Daiquiri Collins

Fill a tall glass with ice cubes. Put in 1 ounce of Frozen Fresh Daiquiri Mix—2 ounces of white Puerto Rican rum. Add a little water or club soda. Stir. Garnish with a slice of lime or lemon, if you like.

Very Important: Always insist on Puerto Rican rum. No other rum is dry enough. Puerto Rican rums are distilled at high proof for extra dryness, then aged in oak. It's the law in Puerto Rico.

Free recipe booklet: 20 pages in color, with 31 rum recipes. Write: Puerto Rico Rum Recipe Booklet, 666 Fifth Ave., New York 19, N. Y.





SCOUTING REPORTS

As the season begins, an analysis of the strengths and weaknesses of the nation's major college teams and the best of the small colleges

Compiled by MERVIN HYMAN, DAN JENKINS, HAROLD PETERSON, JOHN UNDERWOOD

THE MIDWEST Tom Myers is the best



The Quarterback

Northwestern and Minnesota were tied 22-22 with four minutes left to play when Tom Myers drifted back into the pocket for another pass. But he was in trouble. The heavy Minnesota rush was collapsing Myers' protection. Worse, Northwestern's two primary receivers—one long, one intermediate—were well covered. "Although we call 75% of the

plays," says Northwestern Coach Ara Parseghian, "Tom has certain options as to what to do, and, of course, as a play unfolds, he can improvise." Tom Myers improvised under the storm of Minnesota tacklers and suddenly created the play that made the Wildcats' season. Spotting Halfback Willie Stinson just beyond the line of scrimmage, he lobbed the ball. Stinson caught it and raced 65 yards for the touchdown that put his

team ahead. Northwestern won 34-22. Expected to fold at least a month before the season's end, Northwestern survived with a 7-2 Big Ten season.

The play *was* Tom Myers. It was the sort of thing he did all season long in 1962 when, as a sophomore, he became the best drop-back passer in college football. In nine games the 6-foot, 183-pound Myers accomplished 116 completions out of 195 passes for 1,537 yards and 13 touchdowns. He placed No. 4 in the nation in passing and third in completion percentage (.595). In his first varsity game against South Carolina Myers hit 20 of 24 passes for 275 yards, connecting on 15 of them in a row for a national record.

"We knew he would be good," says Parseghian, "but we didn't know how good." This is the persiflage one expects from most present-day coaches who extend and withdraw encomiums with the speed of computer machines. But Myers threw 73 touchdown passes in high school and was good enough as a freshman to make Parseghian switch from a split T attack to a pro T, with potential pass receivers flooding all over the field. This year Parseghian will make even wider use of split ends and flankers to accommodate the far-throwing Myers.

"His accuracy is something you can't teach," Parseghian says. "It's a knack one has to have, namely that of throwing to the spot where the receivers will be. I'd say that anyone who watched Otto Graham would get the idea of how Myers can lead a receiver."

Ara Parseghian does not try to pretend that Myers is a complete football player. "He's a fine ball handler, but only an adequate runner. Of course, we don't want to run him much and risk injury. He's also one of the best tacklers on our team, but we don't use him on defense for the same obvious reason. He carries out orders to the letter, and he has a sort of magnetism about him in the huddle."

Tom Myers is surprised that he has achieved such fame as a college star. "My family and I always went to see the high school games in Troy, Ohio, but my older brother Mike was the football fan. I preferred watching the band and eating hot dogs," Myers says. "In fact, my

But Oklahoma challenges Northwestern

mother made my brother a football outfit to wear to the games, and she made me a little band uniform."

Tommy gave up the band uniform in his freshman year of high school and has been passing ever since. But now that everything has fallen neatly into place for Myers, including the college scholarship he wanted so badly, he pauses to wonder about it. "Sometimes the pressure is so intense I don't know if I'll let up. But I look back and say to myself, 'This is what you wanted, and this is what you've got.'"

What two other teams in the sprawling Midwest have got are quarterbacks almost as good as Myers. Nebraska's Dennis Claidge, in fact, is more than the best passer in the Big Eight Conference. He is one of college football's authentic triple threats. Drafted after last fall by Green Bay, Claidge led Coach Bob Devaney's team to an 8-2 record in 1962, running for 370 yards, passing for 829 and averaging 36.9 on his punts. "Claidge," Nebraska Center Ron Michka says, "takes things in hand."

The 10 best-quarterbacks should come from Purdue, Illinois, Ohio State and teams of similar repute. In most years they would, but before them in 1963 must come a junior at Miami of Ohio, Ernie Kellerman. New Coach Glenn (Bo) Schembechler thinks Kellerman is the best quarterback in the country. "He's a baby-faced kid, really looks like a sissy," says Schembechler. "But that's where an opponent will make his first mistake. Kellerman is real tough. He could make good in any league."

The Best

There are, as the season begins, large sections of the nation where the mere mention of Northwestern does not produce quite the same involuntary trembling that a bludgeoning Southern Cal or Alabama attack would. Perhaps it is Northwestern's poison-pin-prick method of dispatching victims that throws people off. It is swift, it is sudden and it is merciful. But it is also fatal.

Coach Ara Parseghian, with 27 lettersmen of more than ordinary ability back, claims his optimism is well guarded. So is his quarterback, Myers. Fast, 230-

pound Jack Cvercko, Larry Zeno, Ed and Fred Tuerk and Rich Lawton constitute the best guard staff in Northwestern history. Joe Sazcecko and Mike Schwager, backed by three lettermen, are fine tackles, and Joe Cerne has strengthened center. Returning at end are Gary Crum and Chuck Logan to help compensate for the important loss of Flanker Back Paul Flatley. The other two key receivers on whom Parseghian is counting are the nation's best pair of fullbacks, versatile Bill Swingle and Steve Murphy. And if those are not good enough reasons for making Northwestern the No. 1 favorite of the Midwest, Parseghian has one more—sophomore Dave Milam, whom some feel may prove good enough eventually to displace Myers.

In a region as large as the Midwest—it stretches from Ohio to Colorado—this may be predicting too much for Northwestern. There is, for one strong instance, the UNIVERSITY OF OKLAHOMA. In most un-Wilkinsonian prose, Coach Bud Wilkinson told this year's team, "You can be the best college football team in the country."

From last year's sophomore-laden 8-2 Sooners (who outscored opponents by an average of 27-4) Wilkinson has lost a handful of good defensemen. That's all. Returning to the backfield is Fullback Jim Grisham, who bucked 107 yards against Alabama in the Orange Bowl, which is nearly twice the yardage averaged by *trans* playing 'Bama in 1962. Grisham may be the best bucking back in the country. That he was not even the best running Sooner last year should be a measure of the tribulations in store for 1963 foes. A 207-pound sprinter halfback, Joe Don Looney, skittered 852 yards, scored 62 points and—as a part-time hobby—led the nation in punting. He is back too. Right now, Wilkinson's quarterback is an untried junior, Bobby Page, a circumstance which causes no rejoicing among the enemy. He is good and he is barely beating out three sophomores for the position.

Actually, the Sooners do not need a backfield this good. The 1963 line is one of Wilkinson's biggest, epitomized by Ralph Neely, 6 feet 5 and 246 pounds of terrible-tempered tackle. Ed McQuarters and Newt Burton are a nicely comple-

mentary pair at guard, and John Flynn, John Porterfield, Rick McCurdy and Al Bumgardner make up an end corps fit to give an enemy backfield fits.

Far from Oklahoma prairies, high above the sky-blue waters of Lakes Mendota, Monona, Wingra, Waubesa, et al., broods a worried North Woods man. His name is Milt Bruhn. He has been told that his WISCONSIN Badgers should be chief contenders for the Big Ten Intertribal football championship, despite the loss of braves like Ron VanderKelen and Pat Richter. Now all Chief Bruhn has to do is fulfill expectations.

How well he does depends in large measure on how well Quarterback Harold Brandt fills the position. Brandt, who has flashed promise, is a smart general and an adequate passer, but his running is hardly spectacular, leaving a potential opening for good sophomore Dave Froncek. There is also an opening for one or two talented pass-catching ends, but the only holes related to the Wisconsin interior line are those it will leave when it tears through the enemy. Biggest, baddest Badger is 245-pound Roger Pilluth, supplemented at tackle by Andy Wojdula and Roger Jacobazzi. Returning at halfback to take advantage of all that open space is the Big Ten's leading scorer, Lou Holland, who clutched and speed-shifted for 11 touchdowns last year. Bruhn, who may install the I formation to take advantage of the running, also has Ralph Kurek, his leading rusher last season, whom he calls the best fullback since Alan Ameche.

Behind Oklahoma in the Big Eight but ahead of some good Big Ten schools is KANSAS. Coach Jack Mitchell has a line that is inexperienced but capable and a backfield that could be superb. Says Mitchell of sophomore Steve Renko, a converted fullback: "After three days at quarterback, he looked as if he had been playing it all his life." Of sophomore Mike Johnson, slotback in Kansas' sliding-slot offense, he says, "He does everything well." You may remember that Kansas also had a pretty fair sophomore halfback last year, Gale Sayens, who rushed 1,125 yards. And Fullback Ken Coleman, who gained 347 yards and never lost one, also returns. Kansas will be fast and exciting. It will be good, too.

continued

Ohio State is only an also-ran

So will NEBRASKA, which is composed entirely of two-year lettermen, except at slotback. Naturally, this anguishes Coach Bob Devaney no end. You can see the man's problem—or can you? If not, you may be looking at Quarterback Dennis Claridge. Even Devaney admits that Claridge is "a fine passer," "fast, rugged runner," "a good punter" and "our best defensive back." Of course, you might be staring at powerful breakaway runner Willie Ross. Or, quite plausibly, your vision might be blocked by 6-foot-5 259-pound Guard Bob Brown, the pro scouts' favorite scenery, or by 6-foot-4 247-pound Tackle Lloyd Voss. Does Devaney have a problem? He does, but like Kansas, it is on the schedule. Oklahoma.

Like Barry Goldwater, Illinois has recently been regarded as a rising power and is just beginning to entertain highest national aspirations. Illinois tactics, however, are anything but conservative. Quarterback Mike Taliaferro, for whom Coach Pete Elliott has installed a wide-open offense, threw 212 passes and completed 80 last year. He will be challenged strongly by sophomore Ron Ack. Center Dick Butkus, a genuine front-runner for All-America honors who made 97 tackles in seven games, returns this year with lots more help from a line that is two deep in lettered reserves. In the backfield talented sophomores abound, and Halfback Sam Price, a 210-pounder with power and speed, is expected to be one of the school's finest ever. Senior Jim Warren has the quickness to hold the flanking halfback position, but sophomores Jim Grabowski and Don Hansen threaten to wrest fullback from seniors Dave Pike and Al Wheatland. The one question about Illinois is whether its greenish hue may become more noticeable in the harsh light of the Big Ten big time.

PURDUE is tired of waiting. "We've been well up in the Big Ten for several years because of a great defense. This year we'll try to open up a little and not lose much defensively," says Coach Jack Mollenkopf. Last year Purdue lost four games by a grand total of 13 points. It was last defeated by as much as a touchdown in mid-1960. On the theory that consistently scoring more than one touchdown per game might help, Mollenkopf is installing the I formation. Despite loss

of 28 lettermen, he may have the manpower to make it work. Quarterback Ron DiGravio has proven talent, and alternate Quarterback Gary Hogan completed 35 of 77 last year. Gene Donaldson and ironman Halfback Charles King are solid performers, and Purdue has a more than adequate line. It all adds up to sufficient equipment to harass the contenders, but not to surpass them.

Football, which has been heavenly at Missouri under Coach Dan Devine the past eight seasons, may be a little less so this year. Halfback Johnny Roland, fifth nationally in rushing and leading scorer in the Big Eight, is on probation for "malicious mischief," and most of the line, considered one of the country's best last year, is gone. "Our spring practice," says Devine, "showed us what we needed rather than what we have."

What Devine does have are fast sophomore runner Monroe Phelps, a 9.6 man; two talented quarterbacks; Ken Hinkley at halfback; and excellent fullbacking, led by Paul Underhill. If there is a breach in MU defenses, it will be in the secondary, where only one of the five men who constituted the nation's fourth best pass defense returns. Woo to Missouri. Its first opponent is Northwestern.

MICHIGAN STATE'S Coach Duffy Daugherty is as cheerful as ever. "We'll go into this season," he says, "with maybe six to eight men of demonstrated Big Ten quality. Almost all of our regular linemen will be gone. We'll have to settle on a quarterback, build passing and kicking games and find power runners to spell our little backs. Our defensive backfield is a big, nebulous uncertainty." If that does not sound encouraging, maybe the backfield does. While quarterback, with Dick Proebstle and Charlie Mignanka, is a bit shaky, the rest is solid with Ron Rubick and Sherm Lewis at halfback and Dewey Lincoln and Roger Lopes at fullback. Not quite the lineup Daugherty would like, but better than most in the giant Midwest.

The Rest

MINNESOTA'S Gophers are, so to speak, in a hole, and with some very little men. Among seven returnees who made any yardage at last last year (only 285 yards

in sum), Halfbacks Bill Crockett, Bill McMillan and Jerry Pelletier weigh 152, 161 and 152 pounds. The quarterback will be John Hankinson, who played exactly 30 seconds last year. The Minnesota line, first nationally in rushing defense last season, now has only Carl Eller, the 6-foot-5 241-pound right tackle who is a preseason All-America. He will get awfully lonely with only Left Tackle Milt Sunde for company. There is little hope for Minnesota, which was probably due for a fall after several good years.

Each and every spring Woody Hayes tilts back his straw hat, consults the *Farmer's Almanac* about spring plowing and begins cultivation of still another football surplus for OHIO STATE. Perhaps this spring he should have checked the phase of the moon too, for the first cut of the plow turned up, not the usual cloud of dust, but rocks. In a spring game so dull it appalled even Woody, the regulars dragged through a fruitless 6-0 win over the reserves. Hayes's stoniest problem is at tackle, the cutting edge of the OSU attack. He does have Paul Warfield, the fine halfback, but Hayes prefers fullbacks to halfbacks. His preferences are going to cost him dearly this year.

At Iowa Coach Jerry Burns announced a new "winning edge" football program. He then excused all 1963 seniors from spring practice. Apparently Iowa's seniors are either too good to need much practice or too hopeless to waste coaching time on. Since the juniors are singularly unproven, sophomores like Quarterback Gary Snook, Halfback Gary Simpson and End Cliff Wilder must be brought along fast. If Iowa does not get the winning edge soon, Burns might get the ax edge sooner.

NOTRE DAME'S interim appointee Hugh Devore is the kind of coach who says, when his quarterback has graduated, his leading ground-gainer is racked up in an automobile accident and the schedule opens with Wisconsin, Purdue and USC, "I think we will have a better team." Lest Devore be thought soft-headed, he does have an able line and full-size backs in Paul Costa and Jim Snowden. Still, sophomores must carry much of the burden. Devore is de-

Bowling Green is it in the Mid-America

veloping a nice team for his successor.

Last spring MICHIGAN tried playing football by innings. Said Fritz Crisler, after watching a 12-inning game in which the Michigan blues beat the Michigan whites 25-0, "It's a nice game, but it isn't football." At this date it is still uncertain whether he blamed the new rules or Michigan's players. After Guard Joe O'Donnell and Tackle John Houman there is little in the line. It will be a hard year at Ann Arbor, just as it will be at Bloomington, where INDIANA does have Halfback Marv Woodson, Guards Don Croftcheck and Mel Branch, and Tackle Ralph Poehls. Good as they are, the talent will not spread far.

OKLAHOMA STATE has a new coach, Phil Cutchin, a graduate of the Bear Bryant school. It had 112 players at the beginning of spring practice, only 46 at the end, 31 of them sophomores. It also has an interesting schedule that includes five of the 1962 bowl teams. This is not the year for State.

Nor is it for IOWA STATE, which after three wonderful years will have to play without the service of Dave Hoppmann.

There are good running backs on the team, but they will be operating behind a fairly green line. COLORADO has the usual new head coach—this one Eddie Crowder, former assistant at Oklahoma—and, of late, the usual young team. KANSAS STATE Coach Doug Weaver is encouraged. "We are stronger than in the past," he says. "This team can take the physical punishment of a day's practice."

None of these Big Eight teams is a peer with the increasingly strong leaders of the competitive Mid-America Conference, who continue to play on a par with the lower rung of the Big Ten.

The only riddle about BOWLING GREEN, which again will be at the top of the conference, is how Doyt Perry keeps coming up with his world-beater football teams. Take this year. Deprived of 16 of his first 22 men from 1962, Perry has produced Tackle Jerry Jones, Fullback Bob Pratt, 310-pound Tackle Tony Lawrence and hurdling Halfback Jim Goings—all sophomores, all definite first-string material. Add returning Center Ed Betteridge, Guard Bill Violet and

Halfback Jay Cunningham, and you have a witch's brew the competition will find hard to swallow.

BG's competition is, as usual, MIAMI. Bo Schembechler, fresh from Ohio State, will not have All-America Tackle Tom Nomina and End Bob Jencks, who scored 84 points last year. Among 28 returning lettermen, however, are the entire starting backfield from an 8-1-1 team including Quarterback Ernie Kellerman, Halfbacks Scott Tyler and Bill Neumeier and Fullback Tom Longworth. A 245-pound tackle, Paul Waters, is considered as good as Nomina. Miami will be rough indeed.

OHIO is not as lucky. There is little question that passing Quarterback Bob Babbitt and Roger Merb, a good running quarterback, will be missed. Replacement candidates are an unlettered junior, a converted halfback and a sophomore. But there is compensation in the reappearance of outstanding Center Skip Hoovler, End Dave Hutter and Tackle John Frick and a big bonus at halfback. Jim Albert and Ron Curtis will have to work to stave off sophomore rabbits Glenn Hall and Bob Anderson.

In the Missouri Valley Conference, the most formidable array of fugitive quarterbacks in football history gathered at TULSA this spring. There were Stu McBirnie, previously of Southern Methodist and Trinity, who led Tulsa to the national passing offense championship in 1962; Jerry Rheme, who led the Southwest Conference in passing in 1961 before leaving SMU; and Bill Van Burklee, a sophomore in 1961 at Oklahoma, who had been hailed as the finest back between Mississippi and the Rockies. Though McBirnie has since left school, Coach Glenn Dobbs has the other two and End John Simmons, the nation's second-ranked receiver. Unfair as it is to the rest of the Missouri Valley Conference, Tulsa also has a brawny line and fine running backs in Fullback Dick Beattie and Tailback Ken Rader. They are, as one might guess, transfers.

CINCINNATI looked good last year on the offensive statistics sheet and bad on the scoreboard. The offense is back, along with maybe a slightly better defense. The scoreboard should ring up a merrier tune.



Minnesota's Tackle Carl Eller (76), the best in the Midwest, crashes blockers to get at back.

NEXT PAGE, THE EAST

THE EAST Staubach is a scrambler

The Quarterback

"I was pulling my hair out," says Navy Coach Wayne Hardin. Navy had a comfortable lead over Army in the third quarter, but the ball was on the Annapolis 10-yard line and Quarterback Roger Staubach was drifting back toward his own goal to throw a pass. First, Staubach almost slipped down. Second, an Army defender just nearly swiped the ball out of his hand. But Staubach recovered, and in his scrambling, now-you-have-me, now-you-don't manner launched a pass to End Jim Campbell that gained a whopping 50 yards to the Army 40. Seven plays later Roger Staubach scored the touchdown that helped bury Army for sure, 34-14.

"He is the only player I've ever had who made me change my offense," says Hardin. "I prefer to use the drop-back pass, but Roger is a roll-out, scrambling type of quarterback, so we've adjusted to him."

The big adjustment came last season in Navy's fourth game, against Cornell. Until then, Roger Staubach had been a sophomore making the usual mistakes. Against Cornell, however, the 6-foot-2, 190-pound product of Cincinnati's Purcell High School took over command of Navy. After routing Cornell 41-0, Staubach almost personally accounted for four more victories. He completed 67 of 98 passes for 966 yards and seven touchdowns. Equally impressive, he ran for 265 yards and seven touchdowns.

"He has a sixth sense," Hardin says. "He's not fast, but he's quick. He somehow gets where he is supposed to be. He's exciting and one of the easiest to coach I've ever seen."

Wayne Hardin knew Staubach would be good. In a recruiting duel with Army, Hardin won out by suggesting that Staubach attend New Mexico Military Institute for one year before coming to Annapolis. Army had wanted to send him to prep school. "I figured it would be better to have a year of college credits under my belt," says Staubach. Staubach got more than that under his belt. At NMMI he became a Junior College All-America quarterback.

Shy, modest and handsome, Staubach is durable. Despite his scampering all



Penn State will repeat

over the backfield, giving tacklers every conceivable crack at him, he has avoided injury. Neither has he ever had a sore arm. "I throw all the time," Staubach says. "Even in the summer. I think you have to work steadily at something if you're going to be any good at it. And I just want to be good at football."

Roger Staubach is the best of an unusual group of glittering quarterbacks in the East in 1963. In any normal season Columbia's Archie Roberts, Cornell's Gary Wood or Boston College's Jack Concannon would be considered exceptional players.

Roberts is an authentic triple threat, and although Columbia is in the Ivy League he could play for most any team. A junior now, Roberts is already being courted by the pros, the feeling being that the 6-foot, 185-pound Massachusetts youngster could make it as either a passer or a punter.

Cornell's Gary Wood would rather run than throw. Of all of the quarterbacks in the East, he is probably the best with the ball tucked under his arm. Last season he ran for 889 yards but still managed to complete 60 of 117 passes.

The quarterback whom the pros may go after ahead of any player in the East, however, is Boston College's Concannon. He is one of the best long passers in football and he has the size, 6 feet 3 and 200 pounds, to peer over onrushing defenders. Boston College is one of the widest-open teams in football, and Concannon is just the man to operate so dazzling an offense.

The Best

Profoundly taped to a filing cabinet alongside Coach Rip Engle's desk in his office in PENN STATE'S Recreation Hall is a huge red cardboard panic button. It is merely comic decoration. Despite some severe losses from last year's eastern champions, Engle is not about to summon outside help. His Nittany Lions quite likely will repeat as the best of the eastern independents.

Finishing first in the East will not be easy for Penn State. NAVY, with perhaps its best backfield ever, will be almost as strong. PITT has the potential for its finest team in years, and ARMY and

SYRACUSE will be considerably better than they were a year ago. But the best record in the region may belong to BOSTON COLLEGE. BC will be playing a schedule that is not as arduous as those of the others.

As pessimistic as ever, Penn State's Engle shudders when he contemplates his losses and a schedule that lists Oregon, UCLA, Rice, Army, Syracuse, West Virginia, Maryland, Ohio State, Holy Cross and Pitt. So would any other coach who lost two and one half All-Americans—Halfback Roger Kochman, End Dave Robinson and Tackle Chuck Sieminski (honorable mention)—and three-quarters of his starting line. "It's just like starting all over again," moans Engle.

Not really. If Engle can see no hope, it is only because his vision is being blocked by some of those mammoth sophomore linemen who probably will not break into the starting lineup. His first line is packed with such solid citizens as Harrison Rosdahl, a 235-pounder who threw his weight around with considerable effect as a middle guard last year and now moves to tackle to team up with 235-pound Terry Monaghan; 226-pound Guard Glenn Ressler; 215-pound Center Ralph Baker, a relentless linebacker; and Dick Anderson, a splendid end.

Where once the Lions were so sincerely dedicated to running over people, the offensive emphasis now has shifted to deceit. Penn State's multiple T will feature more wide sets with flankers and men in motion, more option plays and even some fullback sweeps and pitch-outs. "It's the only way you can get the defense to spread its strength," explains Engle.

There is another way, of course, and Penn State is well equipped to scatter reckless defenders with a strong passing attack. It has Quarterback Pete Liske, who completed 91 of 162 passes for 1,037 yards and 12 touchdowns last year and showed surprising adeptness at running the roll-out, and Halfback Junior Powell, a precocious little fellow who caught 32 passes and scampers through a broken field like a nervous fox. Penn State does have one nagging weakness. Its running game could be stronger.

Hardin of Navy is refreshingly candid

about his team's chances. "I feel good about this team," he says. He should, with Staubach at quarterback to regulate traffic among such dodging halfbacks as Johnny Sali, a 9.5 sprinter, Kip Paskewich and Dick Earnest, who can all run outside the tackles and ends, and Fullback Pat Donnelly, a bruiser up the middle. And Staubach has sure-handed ends to pass to—Jim Campbell and Dave Snuggard.

But passing and running are only part of the game, and Navy's interior line, badly gutted by graduation, is a shell of its old self. Except for Jim Freeman, a quick, aggressive 210-pound tackle, it will be manned by players who, for the most part, were on the defensive team last year. They will have to learn to play both ways. Dick Merritt, a 230-pound 6-foot-1 jayvee fullback moved to tackle during spring practice, was impressive with his speed and blocking and is expected to help some. But Hardin, with his usual predilection for frankness, isn't too concerned. "We will be all right," he says confidently. "We're never really great, but then we're never really bad either."

At Army, Coach Paul Dietzel spent a painful but pensive winter mulling over the severe thrashing administered to his Cadets by Navy last December. Out of these ruminations came some highly undietzel-like moves. The glamorous Chinese Bandits, retired by *de facto* legislation of the Football Rules Committee, were juggled around and spread over two two-way teams, and then Dietzel took some definitive steps to open up his conservative wing T.

Defensive Halfback Rollie Stichweh is the new quarterback, and Dietzel, with his typical deference to defense, moved two big ex-Bandits, Fullback Tom Cunningham and Center Dick Nowak, to guard. Along with Center-Linebacker Lee Grasfeder and Tackle Ed Schillo, a mobile 222-pounder, they give the Cadets an appreciably improved interior line that even Penn State and Navy will have trouble breeching.

On the tactical side, Army will flip-flop its wingback and tight end together. Occasionally it will line up with the wingback and the split end flanked wide to opposite sides and almost as far out as

continued

Boston College could surprise

the Lonely End used to be. Sound tricky? Dietzel hopes that the formations will lead to more passing and so dazzle opponents that they will neglect to stack their defenses to stop his meticulously plotted off-tackle smashes. The one catch to these well-laid plans is Quarterback Stichweh. Although a tough option runner, he is not much of a passer. Nor are the running backs, Ken Waldrop and Johnny Johnson, and Fullback Ray Paske the kind who can explode with break-away speed. But Army has a bright young sophomore passer in Curt Cook. He may be ready in time for Navy, which Army has been unable to beat for the last four years.

At Pittsburgh, where the moans of alumni have caught the ear of Chancellor Edward H. Litchfield, there are unmistakable signs that the Panthers are in better shape than usual to survive their annual hellish schedule. Coach John Michelosen has 28 lettermen, some shiny new sophomore backs and a mandate from the chancellor to "play a daring, imaginative, wide-open style of game."

Michelosen had his team passing and running from wide formations, even toying with the shotgun in spring practice. He also moved Paul Mariba, his best running back, from right to left half to make room for sophomore Eric Crabtree, an elusive runner who can turn an end with speed. Presumably, the two will keep the defenses from massing to stop Fullback Rick Leeson, who is fast enough to get away from the secondary. Pitt's passing is the sticky question. Quarterback Fred Mazurek, a showy runner, is only a fair passer. Kenny Lucas, sophomore brother of Richie, the former Penn State All-America, could supply a happy solution. A near 6-footer with a touch of daring in him, Lucas can throw the ball long or short and will not hesitate to pass on first down, practically unheard-of at Pitt.

Whether or not Pittsburgh can play its new kind of game will depend upon the line. It is certainly big enough—226 pounds from tackle to tackle—and, for a change, there is substantial depth behind Tackles Ernie Borghetti (235) and John Maczuzak (225), Guards Ed Adamschick (230) and Ray Popp (220), back after sitting out 1962 with an in-

jury, and Center Paul Ceroel. The ends, Michelosen's biggest worry last year, are still of questionable quality. Even so, Pittsburgh will be good enough to give teams like Washington and Miami a real tussle.

While most of his colleagues search for new gimmicks with which to beguile the opposition, Syracuse's Ben Schwartzwalder is content to stick to his straight T power game with an occasional flanker or counter man in motion and a sprinkling of wing T for variety. "I know that some people think that I am about as imaginative as a fencepost," says Schwartzwalder, "but I believe that if you build soundly off fewer sets you have a better foundation."

Syracuse's foundation is impressive. The line, biggest in the East, averages 228 pounds. Inside Tackle Tom Wilhelm weighs in at 260 pounds. Guard John Paglio is 235 and the other guard, Jim Mazurek, the best of the interior linemen, is 235. Despite some soft spots in middle-line depth, not many teams will take liberties with these huskies.

The Orangemen, like Pitt, have one major flaw. They lack a topflight passer. Quarterback Walley Mahle, a poised, confident junior who was a fifth-stringer at the start of last season, is more at home loping around the ends. Fortunately, Syracuse is well-heeled in good running backs. Big Jim Nance, a 220-pound fullback, is a crackling line smasher, while Halfbacks Bill Schooner and Mike Koski can go inside or outside with equal facility. But the best of all may be two 195-pound sophomores, Charley Brown and Ron Oyer. If they live up to expectations—and Mahle improves even a little bit as a passer—jubilation may run rampant on Piety Hill.

The real surprise in the East could be Boston College. After several years of wallowing around in its own despair, BC suddenly turned menacing last season under new Coach Jim Miller. He dressed up the Eagles with a daring attack, and almost immediately they began to win. They lost only to Syracuse and Navy and finished with five straight victories.

Miller's offense, a straight T with a multitude of variations, is based on

movement, speed, passing and, above all, surprise. "The sooner you attack," Miller reasons, "the quicker you score." Last year BC scored on the first play in three of its games. It won all three.

Miller's backfield talent is well suited to his free and easy style. Quarterback Concannon is a superb passer who can throw long floaters or fire quick and hard over the middle and into the flat. He is also an exciting runner, and excellent on the option play. In 1962 Concannon passed for 15 touchdowns, ran for five more and ranked fifth in the nation in total offense. Most of his passes will be aimed at Jim Whalen, a 6-foot-2 end who has a knack of slipping by careless defenders.

BC's game won't be all passing. Halfbacks Bob Shann, Pete Shaughnessy and John Barrett are quick and Fullbacks Don Moran and Walt Dubzinski (son of the onetime Boston College All-America) are strong. BC is less imposing in the line. Except for the good ends, Whalen and Joe Lukis, and John Frechette, an agile 222-pound tackle, it is made up of last year's reserves, backed up by promising but unproven sophomores. Miller is hopeful that his good passing and fast backs will get more scores than the defense gives away. He will know soon enough. The Eagles open against Syracuse.

The Ivy League, operating in a lower-pressure area than the big independents, will have at least two fine teams. Defending champion DARTMOUTH, one of the nation's few unbeaten major-college teams last year, lost Bill King, a very talented quarterback, and Don McKinnon, its All-America center, but it still has enough capable players to win again. Coach Bob Blackman, who dotes on outwitting Ivy rivals with his ingenious V formation and stunting defenses, has 24 lettermen, some lively sophomores and a new quarterback, Dana Kelly, considered by many a better passer than King. Kelly does not run as fast nor as well as King, but he will have Tom Spengberg, the versatile halfback, and Fullback Tom Parkinson for that chase.

Even with McKinnon gone, the Dartmouth line has a forbidding look. It is big and, like most Blackman-coached

Harvard will press Dartmouth

lines, it will be quick and stingy on defense. Few opposing backs will get away from Bill Curran, the 223-pound middle guard, and the two sturdy tackles, 255-pound Dave Stenger and 222-pound Dale Runge.

HARVARD may be able to match Dartmouth's defense, but the Crimson will have to find a way to speed up its flanker T. Coach John Yoviesin, a stickler for pure defense, will get it from Tom Stephenson, a solid all-purpose end, Tackles Neal Curtin, a 235-pounder, and Jeff Poehop, an aggressive 200-pounder, and Center Brad Stephens, who may be the best linebacker in the Ivy League.

Harvard, however, lacks speed in the backfield. Fullback Bill Grana is an exemplary inside runner but Halfbacks Scott Harshbarger and Tom Bilodeau are slow-footed. Too, Quarterback Mike Bassett does not pass often enough to stir up a breeze. Perhaps Wally Grant and Dave Poe, up from an unbeaten freshman team, will help. If they do, the Harvards might just be good enough to worry the life out of the Dartmouths when they meet in Cambridge on October 26.

DELAWARE, last year's Lambert Cup winner, is sure to repeat as champion in the Middle Atlantic Conference. Coach Dave Nelson, who likes his linemen big but mobile and his backs fast and frisky for his intricate counters and crisscrosses off the wing T, has an abundance of both. Halfbacks Mike Brown, who does the 100 in 9.7, and Joe Slobodan and Johnny Wallace, a pair of nimble little (they both stand 5 feet 7) scramblers, will run behind a seasoned line, led by 225-pound Tackle Paul Chesmore and 215-pound Guards Don James and Don Burawski.

MASSACHUSETTS is the choice to win in the Yankee Conference, but not without a fight from Defending Champions NEW HAMPSHIRE and CONNECTICUT. Coach Vic Fusia's young Redmen came within three points of winning the title a year ago and now 20 of his regulars are back, a season older and wiser. The interior line has good size—Tackles Paul Graham and Bob Burke weigh 235 and 225 pounds. Quarterback Jerry Wheelchel, who ran and passed for 957 yards and 10 touchdowns last sea-



Big Jim Nance of Syracuse, one of the East's top fullbacks, powers his way through the line.

son, will give verve to Fusia's straight T.

New Hampshire, unbeaten last year, again has a tight, unyielding defense, the same kind that held its foes to a mere 46 points in eight games. But the Wildcats scored only 100 themselves and that will not be nearly enough to win this time. Coach Chief Boston will have to find a small explosion for his Lonely End attack. It could come from Quarterback Lloyd Wells, up until now an accurate but much too frugal passer. Connecticut, restless after two lean years, will go after Massachusetts with a typically big line and backs like Dave Korponai and Brian Smith, who fit perfectly into Coach Bob Ingalls' ground game. What is needed is a good passer and runner. Sophomore Jack Redmond is expected to fill in that lack, and if he does, look out Massachusetts and New Hampshire.

The Rest

Among the lower-echelon independents, perhaps the liveliest football will be played by BUFFALO. Coach Dick Offenhamer's swing T should be devastating with Fullbacks Jim Burd and John Cimbo and Halfbacks Tom Butler and Bob Edward racing up the middle and around the ends. Quarterback "Long John" Stofa is an accomplished passer and deft on the option play, the Bulls' best weapon. In the line End Larry Gergley and Gerry Philbin, a burly 230-pound tackle, lead a solid defense. Buffalo will not lose many games.

After two delightful seasons, VILLANOVA has worries. The large, powerful backs who led the Wildcats into two bowls have left and a rash of springtime knee injuries has done nothing to brighten the outlook. Coach Alex Bell has re-

continued

Roberts and Wood are outstanding

constructed his multiple T with lighter, racier backs like Jack Boyle and Jim Thomas, shifted from halfback to fullback, but Quarterback Bill Sherlock, one of the spring casualties, still must prove himself as a varsity passer and runner. It will be up to the line, led by End Jack Clifford, 6 feet 3 and 220 pounds, and 215-pound Tackle Al Atkinson to save the Wildcats from complete embarrassment.

At Rutgers the muscle is gone but the memory lingers. The deep well of material that Coach John Bateman drew on through two remarkable seasons began to run dry last year. Tony Hoeflinger, a stubby, swift guard, is still around to lead the double-wing-T sweeps and Center Jon Paulson will give the Scarlet Knights some strong linebacking, but Bateman will have to forage among the 1962 reserves and the new sophomores for an adequate attack.

Colgate Coach Hal Lahar, who likes a tough, disciplined defense, has some linemen to tickle even his critical fancy. Eric Orke, a 225-pounder shifted from tackle to guard, and End Chet Kasprzak hit with authority, and opposing teams would do well to steer clear of Center Mike Heffernan, an excellent linebacker. Offense is another matter. Except for Halfback Jim Heilman, the Colgate runners are just ordinary. Worse yet, Gerry Barudin, a spindly 165-pound quarterback, is not cut out to run the option and he is just a so-so passer.

In New England HOLY CROSS and BOSTON UNIVERSITY have fallen on hard times. Graduation swept Holy Cross clean almost everywhere, and Coach Eddie Anderson will have to regroup his meager forces around a cadre of one—Jon Morris, a bullish 227-pound center-linebacker who has already attracted the attention of pro scouts. The backfield outlook is not any better. Jim Marcellino is the only experienced runner and seniors Joe Policastro and John Wheaton, the best of the quarterbacks, are both untied. Boston University, caught between a determined de-emphasis program and a still-400-tough schedule, has only 12 lettermen back. Coach Steve Sinko has shifted Lonely End Bob Horton to fullback and Dennis Gerardi from tackle to center, but there are not enough able

bodies around to make BU respectable in the ill-chosen company.

Oddly enough, the two Ivy League teams with the best quarterbacks are not regarded as authentic challengers, but they could make the race interesting. COLUMBIA's Buff Donelli expects his Lions to have more bite, mostly because Archie Roberts is back to operate Columbia's tricky wing T. But aside from Jack Strauch, a fine linebacker, the other young Lions are disturbingly mediocre. CORNELL is in pretty much the same fix. It has Gary Wood and little else. A too skimpy defense, no depth to speak of and a lack of speed will turn the Big Red a blushing pink on too many Saturdays.

The other Ivy League schools will be less pretentious than Columbia and Cornell but probably stronger than last year. PRINCETON has its usual herd of good backs—holdover Tailbacks Pete Poreitis and Hugh MacMillan, Wingback Jim Roekenbach and Fullback Cosmo Incavazzi, an awesome line smasher—but graduation hit hard at the line.

BROWN, weary of being pummeled year after year, might just do a bit of mauling of its own. Coach John McLaughry starts with 22 lettermen and the most productive battery in the league. Quarterback Jim Dunda, when he wasn't running for his life, threw for nine touchdowns last year; End John Parry, a 6-foot-2 stringbean with eager hands, caught 27 passes for five scores. Dunda should get better protection from seasoned linemen and more running help from his halfbacks. They should lift the Bruins out of the cellar.

PENN will be stronger and maybe even a darkhorse challenger if Coach John Stiegman, who likes to jazz up his single wing with flankers and spit ends, can find a passer. He has failed so far. But he does have Tailback John Owens, a 9.8 sprinter, and Bruce Molloy, a powerful 205-pound sophomore who gained more than 700 yards for the freshman team. One happy note: the Quaker defense, led by End Don Dick and Guard Jim Buell, will be more tenacious.

YALE, shocked but not really saddened by Jordan Olivar's sudden resignation last winter, will have a new look under Coach Johnny Pont, who was brought in from Miami of Ohio to lift

the Elis out of their recent doldrums. Pont's pro-type offense is geared to a strong defense. He wants possession of the ball as quickly as possible and then he expects his team to break its backs into the clear. The idea has a nice sound to it, but Yale lacks the firepower to make it come off. After Tackle Perry Wickstrom and Center George Humphrey, the line has too many tender spots. The quarterbacking is questionable, too, and the only stylish runners around are Halfback Randy Eglolf and Fullback Pete Cummings.

About the best that BUCKNELL and TEMPLE can hope for in the Middle Atlantic Conference is second place behind Delaware. Bucknell has the defense to challenge for the title, but Coach Bob Odell's multiple T, which depends so greatly on a strong passing game, may be more restrained with sophomore Bill Lerro at quarterback. Although there are still some excellent receivers around—End Phil Morgan and Halfback Mike Connell each caught 25 passes last year—the Bisons will have to rely upon their runners. Temple's losses were minimal, and Coach George Makris has plugged his weak spots by switching Tackle Steve Speers to end, Center Ron Koehler to tackle and substitute Quarterback Wil Gastano to fullback. This should strengthen the defense and make the running attack more dangerous. The passing could be better and it may be if sophomore Joe Petro moves ahead of letterman Mark Lichtenfeld at quarterback.

The other MAC teams are less impressive. GETTYSBURG has toughened up its defense with 245-pound sophomore Tackle Lloyd Grumbine, and its running game is improved, but the Bullets lack a good passer. At LAFAYETTE new Coach Ken Bunn does have a passer—Quarterback George Hosenlopp—but little else. Only three starters are back at LEHIGH and, unless the sophomores mature rapidly and Quarterback John DeNora returns to his 1961 passing form, the Engineers will find moving the ball a difficult chore. Coach Mike Cooley's only hope is to develop a defense—to hold down the score.

In the Yankee Conference VERMONT Coach Bob Clifford has junked his conventional T for the more airy spread T

Williams will head the Little Three



A hard head-on block by Pitt's John Marczak bows over would-be West Virginia tackler.

with its flankers and split ends to give Halfback Kenny Burton, his best runner, more opportunity to get away. But the Catamounts need more strength in the line. MAINE will have a possible first line, a new quarterback in Ray Austin and, after that, its usual dearth of able hands. At RHODE ISLAND new Coach Jack Zilly's first job will be to fill out a starting lineup. He has only six lettermen from last year's 2-5-2 squad, hardly enough to form a corporal's guard. With some luck, Quarterback Greg Gutter may keep Zilly's first season from being an absolute zero.

WILLIAMS has a slight edge over AMHERST in the Little Three. Frank Navarro, who moved up from line coach to replace the retired Len Walters, inherited 24 experienced players, including some fast backs and many of the tenacious linemen who gave up only three scores last season. Guard Al Hageman and Tackle Ben Wagner, a pair of robust 225-pounders, insure Williams of a solid defense, and Navarro has put in the spend T to get more scoring punch from his backs. Amherst Coach Jim Ostendarp does not have that particular worry, not with Bob Santonelli and John North, who between them ran for 1,051 yards and 17 touchdowns in 1962, available. But he has others, notably an acute shortage of linemen. WISLEYAN's sophomores need time to learn Coach Norm Daniels' wing T ways. Until they do, the Cardinals will have to look to Don Ware, who has been moved from tackle to guard, to hold together a leaky line and Halfback Gerald Miller to provide the offense.

TRINITY and TUFTS will be less prepossessing this year. Trinity Coach Dan Jessee starts his 32nd year with a mere handful of lettermen. Halfbacks Bill Campbell and Merrill Yavinski, an accurate short passer, make the Bantams a threat but they do not spell a big season. At Tufts, Coach Harry Arlanson, whose Chicago Bear T usually revolves around quick slumping fullbacks and king-sized tackles, is fresh out of both. Arlanson will try to compensate with his good runners, Halfbacks Ralph Doran and Dick Sylvester, and perhaps even with some unaccustomed passing by his quarterbacks, John Nyhan and Steve Karp.

NEXT PAGE, THE SOUTH

THE SOUTH Namath is one of many

The Quarterback

Alabama already had Auburn convinced. The score was 38-0 with two minutes to play in Birmingham and all that remained undone in the season was for sophomore Quarterback Joe Namath to secure the 37 yards he needed to break Alabama's alltime total-offense record set by Harry Gilmer in 1945. It was third down and 13 on the Alabama 28 and one pass would get it all. Namath huddled with his team and then gave the order. Alabama quick-kicked.

Naturally, after that, Namath could not break Gilmer's record. Naturally, too, Bear Bryant admired him, not just for his selflessness but also for the guts it takes to play the defensive game that Bryant espouses. These qualities help make Namath the second—to George Mira—best quarterback in the South.

To be sure, Namath knows offense, too. He passed and rushed for 1,421 yards, and 13 of his 76 completed passes went for touchdowns last year. This spring the normally noncommittal Bryant dared to say, "I will be disappointed if Joe Namath is not the greatest quarterback in the South—ever. I will also be greatly disappointed if he is not the best quarterback in the country."

What Namath already is is the only Yankee on the Alabama team. He came to Tuscaloosa from Beaver Falls, Pa., for two unshakable reasons: he "wanted to play football in the South" and he wanted to play football for Bear Bryant. Known in high school as the "Hungarian Howitzer," he had offers of football scholarships from 52 colleges, and a Chicago Cubs baseball scout was talking in terms of a "\$50,000 bonus." Once in the South, the talented Namath told Alabama reporters as a freshman that it was "nice" that Bryant had varsity Quarterback Jack Hurlbut coming back because "I might get hurt." The following spring, true to his word, he won the starting job, and one day as he huddled with his cast of upperclassmen he piped: "Fellows, this is an option play. But I think old Joe's going to run with it. Let's see some blocking. Coach Bryant don't want to get me hurt."

Namath is 6 feet 2 and 187 pounds and primarily a drop-back passer in the



best professional style. He seldom ran the ball in high school and it has taken him a while to accept the idea that the Alabama run-pass option is run first, pass apprehensively. Though his running improved as the 1962 season progressed, it still cost him the SEC leadership in total offense. Georgia Tech's Billy Lothridge, who ran 250 yards farther, beat him out for that.

Like an unclassified greenhouse specimen, Billy Lamar Lothridge has been the subject of mystical probing ever since he arrived at Georgia Tech. "Mechanically," says Assistant Coach Jack Griffin, "Billy leaves a lot to be desired." But then, Griffin adds, Billy's ballhan-

dling is also sloppy, and his passing in practice "scars you to death."

Indifferent, inaccurate, sloppy, mechanically unmarvelous Billy Lothridge set four Tech records last year: most points scored (89), most passes attempted and completed (156 and 83), most yards total offense (1,484). He is only one more of the many fine quarterbacks in the South, however. Others of distinction include Georgia's Larry Rakestraw, Auburn's Jimmy Sidle, North Carolina's Junior Edge, Mississippi's Perry Lee Dunn, South Carolina's Dan Reeves and, probably the best of these, Maryland's Dick Shiner. Shiner completed 121 passes for 1,324 yards

Again it is Alabama and Mississippi

last fall, leading the nation most of the season. He is a 6-foot, 190-pound senior of German-Irish extraction from Lebanon, Pa., a stocky, methodical quarterback who passes with Mira's crispness but without his daring. Clearly, the South enjoys an impressive abundance.

The Best

On his first day as head football coach at ALABAMA in 1958, Paul (Bear) Bryant arrived at his desk at the crack of dawn, which is his custom. "I went into the office," he said, "sat down, and worried. Just like I always do." Worried ever since has been every other coach in the Southeastern Conference. The Bear has won 27 of his last 29 games at Alabama, and as this season begins he is moaning loudly, a sure sign that every other team in the SEC—except *mississippi*—is in deep trouble. Mississippi can afford to relax. It does not play Alabama until 1965, and because of a schedule that is taxing only on rare Saturdays the Rebels may again finish with a better record than the Crimson Tide.

Those who attended Alabama's spring game hoping to find a flaw believed they detected one or two in Bryant's defense, which was shorn of Lee Roy Jordan, the All-America linebacker, and is without benefit of a starter from the 1962 line. Were the lack real rather than apparent, it would be strange and worrisome, for no Alabama opponent has scored more than seven points in the last 25 games and 1962 opponents averaged a pitiful 58.8 yards rushing. None is liable to do much better this year. Bryant can expect excellent performances out of Center-Linebacker Paul Crane, a 190-pound sophomore, and Tackles Dan Kearly and Butch Henry and Guards Al Lewis and Steve Allen, all 210 pounds and all qualified nasty.

Eddie Verspreille, a solid (6 feet, 190) fullback who was equally good at line busting and linebacking last year, is one of the two 1962 starters among Alabama's 26 lettermen returnees. The other, of course, is Quarterback Namath. To run with Verspreille, Bryant has Benny Nelson, a quick senior halfback, and possibly Mike Fruechia, the SEC's best powerback in 1961 but sidelined last

year by a knee injury. The knee is still doubtful.

Alabama will have plenty of time to get respectable enough for Bryant's tastes. The schedule is Mississippi-type until it reaches Florida on Oct. 12. By season's end, all will be well and Bryant will be worrying about which bowl bid to accept.

Ole Miss graduated Quarterback Glynn Griffing and Wingback Louis Guy, now with the New York Giants, and All-America Tackle Jim Dunaway, now with the Buffalo Bills, three men chiefly responsible for the Rebs' first perfect season in 70 years. But the remaining assets are considerable. Vaught has 26 experienced players, including good linemen, and a large supply of sophomores classified as "unusually talented." Just to be sure his motion T does more than go through the motions, however, Vaught has returned Fullback Perry Lee Dunn to quarterback, where he played behind Griffing as a sophomore. Dunn is a better runner than Griffing and is an adequate passer, best at long range. Halfbacks Dave Jennings and Larry Smith and Fullback Buck Randall have excellent speed.

Vaught's teams have lost as many as three games only once since 1952, and if they lose at all this year it will almost have to be to LSU, the only real heavyweight they meet. But LSU has problems. For one thing, the new substitution rule broke up Coach Charley McClendon's three-team system and left him with 16 lettermen who now have to learn to play both ways. For another, LSU will not be quite so stylish without All-America Halfback Jerry Stovall.

On the credit side, LSU has 14 good red-shirt sophomores on deck. The most impressive is Pat Screen, a slender quarterback who can pass and runs the option like a halfback. The competition for Stovall's job is four deep—red-shirts Beau Colle and Joe Labruzzo, and two legitimate sophomores, George Haynes and Ken Comer. Any one of these should fit nicely with Halfback Danny LeBlanc, who runs down people in the atavistic style reminiscent of Jimmy Taylor, a former Tiger. All the Tiger linemen except Robbie Hucklebridge, a stubby 225-pound guard used to double

duty, will need time to adjust to two-way football, but there are plenty of good men who learn fast.

GEORGIA TECH's Bobby Dodd has been around long enough (18 years at Tech) to know that in the Southeast defense is the ticket. Tech will not be in the SEC much longer, but while it remains it will have the right defense to keep it in strong contention. Although Dodd lost the interior of what he considered his best line ever at Tech, his replacements are not exactly struggling. And with Lohridge running the offense and passing to Ends Billy Martin, 6 feet 5, 236 pounds, and Ted Davis, 6 feet 1, 225, possibly the finest pair in the country, Tech should score often.

Despite its first-game loss to Georgia Tech, FLORIDA moves up as a challenger in the SEC. Coach Ray Graves has a line that averages 231 pounds and includes Tackles Frank Lusky, an agile 270-pounder who has already been drafted by the Giants, and Dennis Murphy, 262-pound junior. Roger Pettice, 220-pound center-linebacker, is the man the Gators' stunting defenses are built around. End Russ Brown is easily one of the league's better two-way players.

There are also two quality backs: Fullback Larry Dupree, 10 pounds heavier this year at 195, a smart and brutal runner (he led the SEC in rushing with 604 yards), and Tom Shannon, the flashy southpaw quarterback whose passing shattered Penn State in Florida's 17-7 Gator Bowl victory last January. The Gators need second-line depth and a halfback to keep the opposition honest.

In addition to Mira, MIAMI also has two surprises in sophomore Running Backs Russell Smith and Pete Banaszak. Coach Andy Gustafson will need both to compensate for his masochistic tastes in scheduling. Smith's older brother, Frank, was a Charley Justice type of runner at Miami in the early 1950s, but Russell is sensitive about the comparison. The truth is he is bigger than Frank, faster, stronger and can even throw the ball. Fullback Banaszak (6 feet 3, 203) is said to be as tough as and faster than the graduated Nick Ryder. Gustafson obviously has a mind to give Miami some offensive balance: Mira accounted for 2,059 of the team's 3,524 yards in

continued

Clemson will dominate the ACC

1962. Mira again has five receivers, including Flanker Buck Nick Spinelli (33 catches for 506 yards), and a large and protective line, headed up by Tackles Dan Conners (6 feet 2, 238) and Rex Benson (255). But Gustafson is still concerned about a defense that gave up 287 yards a game last year.

Miami opens with FLORIDA STATE this weekend. This should decide right off who is the best independent in the South. A girls' school until 1947, FSU has risen fast and wants badly to get into the SEC, whose teams it annually sears silly. Coach Bill Peterson held out 21 men last year. He now has depth as he never had before. He has, too, the nation's biggest quarterback in 6-foot-5, 200-pound Steve Tensi and a powerful tackle known as Li'l Abner—Avery Sumner, 6 feet 2, 212, a lad who used to stack peanuts on his father's truck farm. The Seminoles tied Georgia Tech and Auburn last year, and with that kind of audacity they may never make the SEC.

OF CLEMSON, DUKE and MARYLAND, one befuddled Atlantic Coast Conference coach says, "Any of us could win—and probably will." Clemson's Frank Howard sees it more clearly than that: "Clemson's going to win," he says. "I don't see how the others can ever beat us." We are willing to accept Howard's prognosis, not because his gift for mountain gab can be convincing but also because he has two teams of almost equal strength, and because Quarterback Jim Parker can do practically anything when he is not feeling poorly. "We looked better in the spring than any time since I've been here," says Howard, starting his 24th season at Clemson. "We've got the best backs we've had in years, and more speed. What changes will we make on offense? We'll block better." Now if Howard can figure a way to get by Oklahoma and Georgia Tech in his first two games, the rest of the schedule will seem downhill.

Duke, winner of three straight ACC titles, has lost both quarterbacks and 10 of last year's first 14 linemen. "We're green as grass," says Coach Bill Murray, thinking mostly of his line, but in the next breath he admits he just might have the best fullback in college football in Mike Curtis, a 209-pound junior who

can, according to one starry-eyed report, "hit like a steamroller, spin like a top, block, tackle, intercept, catch, place-kick, great!" Duke also has an outstanding sophomore quarterback in Scotty Glacken, who will probably take the job from junior Dave Uible by midseason, and capable runners in Halfbacks Billy Futrell and Jay Wilkinson, son of Oklahoma Coach Bud Wilkinson. Unfortunately for Duke, these pluses will not be sufficient to stave off Clemson when the teams meet Oct. 19.

Maryland Coach Tom Nugent, the most inventive mind and fastest mouth in football and a man totally unappreciated by Clemson's Howard, will have a team good enough to knock off either Clemson or Duke and interesting enough to watch if it never wins a game. Nugent now has a "shifty I offense" (Howard says that sounds like Nugent) in which the wingback will occasionally shift into the line to become a split end and the split end will drop off to become a wingback, the good of which only time and Tom Nugent will tell.

Maryland also has Darryl Hill, the first Negro ever to play in the ACC, ready to start at wingback. He is a 165-pound transfer from Navy, and he "moves," says Nugent. Even better are Dick Shiner at quarterback and Tailback Len Chavennis, who led the ACC in rushing last year with 602 yards. Maryland's line will be smaller and faster than last year's and could be pushed around quite a bit. But Shiner's arm and Nugent's guile will take the Terrapins a long way.

WEST VIRGINIA is making plans for its centennial, and Governor W. W. Barron, one of the more active recruiters for the home team, is making plans to be thrilled when Coach Gene Corum provides an undefeated West Virginia University football team for the occasion. It will not happen because the Mountaineers must play Navy, Pittsburgh, Penn State and Syracuse outside of the Southern Conference. Inside they are safe and secure. Corum's mountainous Mountaineers have a starting line that averages 228 pounds and backs who average 203. Quarterback Jerry Yost passed for 1,134 yards and 11 touchdowns, averaged 4.6 yards rushing last

season; and a tackle, Bernie Carney, 225 pounds, has been compared with Sam Huff. It is enough to make a governor proud, if not prophetic.

The Rest

AUBURN, always respected in the South, has had two years of humiliation in its own state (34-0 and 38-0 losses to Alabama), and Coach Ralph (Shug) Jordan must grin and bear it one more year at least. The Plainsmen are improved, yes. Jordan has 22 lettermen, the "fastest line in 10 years," a good all-round quarterback in Jimmy Sadle, and sophomore Halfback Gerald Gross, who made a specialty of spectacular scoring plays as a freshman. But beat Bear Bryant?

New Coach Jim McDonald approaches his TENNESSEE job with fresh ideas about making the old single wing work: "I'll use split ends, flankers and men in motion," says McDonald, "and even a few T formation plays." Two who will do much to help are Tailback Mallon Faircloth and a typically tough Volunteer guard, 6-foot-3, 215-pound Steve Delong. Tennessee has won more games in the past 35 years than any other major team, but a carryover of the worst pass defense in the SEC and too few experienced hands make a better than break-even season remote.

As fall practice began, KENTUCKY's roster numbered 47 men, 30 of them sophomores. Six players have left since (40 quit on him last fall), and tough Charlie Bradshaw, the Kentucky coach, says, "So what. I can't even remember their names." About the only names Kentucky fans will remember this year belong to Tackle Herschel Turner, the team's best lineman, and Halfback Darrel Cox, a versatile athlete who runs, passes, kicks and plays safety.

GEORGIA, with an excellent passer in Quarterback Larry Rakestraw, an excellent receiver in 6-foot-4 End Mickey Babb and a superior tackle in Ray Rissmiller, will have greater experience and more good linemen than before. But Coach John Griffith must also cope with a stiff schedule and, worse, the residual confusion of the unfortunate Butts-Bryant case. Like Georgia, MISSISSIPPI STATE has an unrelenting schedule that

Memphis State is after bigger game

begins deceptively (with Howard College) and becomes deadly (with five bowl teams). State could finish high in another league. Not in the SEC.

VANDERBILT and TULANE will again win the most sustained sympathy in their conference. Vandy's new coach, Jack Green, of Army fame, hopeful that something—anything—will work, shifted letterman Halfback Steve Shaw to quarterback, converted letterman Guard Bill Waldrup to fullback, moved letterman Tackle Sam Sullins to center, and then announced, "We do not expect to be humiliated." Tulane Coach Tommy O'Boyle lost all 10 games in 1962, his first season, "a tough way," he said, "to break in a new coach—especially when it happens to be me." Tulane plays six bowl teams, and though returning End Clem Dellenger and Halfback Jerry Graves, along with some promising sophomores, raise some interest, O'Boyle

does admit that it will be tough again.

NORTH CAROLINA and NORTH CAROLINA STATE will be strong and well-matched entries in the Atlantic Coast Conference, but North Carolina has the Edge—Junior Edge, fancy passing quarterback (1,234 yards last year) and End Bob Lacey, the nation's seventh best receiver (668 yards). Fullback Ken Willard and Tackle Vic Esposito are not minor contributors and Coach Jim Hickey has 29 seasoned lettermen to help. State, two deep in lettermen at all but one position, is not complaining. Four Wolfpack backs—Quarterback Jim Rossi, Fullback Pete Falarzano and Halfbacks Tony Kozarsky and Joe Scarpati—rushed 200 yards or more in 1962. Rossi also completed more than 50% of his passes for 792 yards. The tackle combination of Bert Walder and Chuck Wachtel is the best in the ACC. NCS will bother the leaders.

Maybe Deacon Dan Reeves should have amassed his 1,401 yards of total offense for Wake Forest, where the nickname would be more fitting, but SOUTH CAROLINA is just as happy it owns this 19-year-old elder. In fact, it wishes its team were a little more elderly, a little more experienced. VIRGINIA, which lost too many good men, and Wake Forest bring up the rear in the ACC.

Independent MEMPHIS STATE, with 24 returning lettermen, has a big, quick offensive line, a defensive line in which transfers balance out graduation losses and at least one man with ability to move the ball well—Fullback Dave Cassinelli, the South's leading groundgainer (826 yards in 1962). The Tigers beat Mississippi State of the SEC last year and now have an eye for bigger game: Mississippi. SOUTHERN MISSISSIPPI is still classified as small-college, which is not the way nine out of 10 opponents felt about it last year (Southern lost only to Memphis State). The successes included a 30-0 slaughter of N.C. State. Southern will not be as contentious, with only Fullback George Sekul returning to its backfield, but a strong line is assured, headed by Guard Nick Kolinsky and Tackle Charley Porter. LOUISVILLE, in its first year as a Missouri Valley Conference member, hoping for improvement on a 6-4 record, can count only on 317-pound Tackle Ken Kortas and Halfback Larry Compton.

VMI, blessed with the return of its four leading rushers, probably will repeat as Southern Conference champion because West Virginia does not play enough league games. The Keydets, however, could use more passing—and maybe a little less competition from VIRGINIA TECH, which has a fine quarterback in Bob Schweckert, a good fullback in Sonny Utz and 27 other lettermen. RICHMOND derives some optimism from its Bill Sivi John Hilton passing threat. WILLIAM & MARY will be respectable. Otherwise, the rest of the Southern Conference has only individuals to recommend: Fullback Nick DiLoreto, Center Joe Buckner at THE CITADEL; Fullback Elliott Keller, Center Doug Stacks at FURMAN; Tailback Dick Drummond at GEORGE WASHINGTON and End Steve Heckard at DAYTON.



Going wide on sweep, flashy LSU Halfback Danny LeBlanc keeps eye on opposing end.

NEXT PAGE: THE SOUTHWEST

THE SOUTHWEST Smartest is Trull



The Quarterback

The ball was on Baylor's 10-yard line and as Quarterback Don Trull began calling signals, Rice shifted into a short-yardage defense. Trull quickly changed signals, calling a pass to Flanker Buck Lawrence Elkins. The play gained 42 yards and sent Baylor on its way to a touchdown that broke open the game and resulted in a 28-15 victory.

"Don's so smart and alert at reading defenses," says Baylor Coach John Bridgers, "that we got more check-off plays under him last year than we ever have before. He's apt to give you 15 or 20 audibles in a game. Against Texas, the toughest defense in the league, Don took us the length of the field for a touchdown, calling plays at the line of scrimmage on every down."

Baylor's Don Trull, who is back for his senior season, does much more than

read defenses. He throws the football in the lusty tradition of the Southwest Conference that has produced such passers as Sammy Baugh, Davey O'Brien, Bobby Layne and Don Meredith. Trull (it rhymes with drool) was the most successful major-college passer in the U.S. last year, with 125 completions in 229 attempts for 11 touchdowns.

"His sense of timing is as good as any college quarterback's I've ever seen," says Bridgers. "He anticipates so well. He has good judgment. He can stay in the pocket and throw, and he can run, too. Best of all, he has a quick arm and he's worked hard at learning how to throw an easy-to-catch ball. He's going to make a fine pro quarterback."

An easy-to-catch pass is a football thrown with the nose up. Don Trull, who went to Baylor for the price of a postage stamp (Bridgers wrote a letter to Oklahoma City), may be the only pass-

er who ever learned how to keep the nose up by throwing constantly at a gymnasium wall. Explains Trull: "If you throw the ball at a wall and it bounces straight back, the nose is up."

Trull keeps his grades up, too. Thus, his praise comes from all directions, including Baylor's mathematics department, where the 6-foot-1, 179-pound quarterback is an A and B student. Already drafted by the Baltimore Colts, Trull would like to become another John Unitas and already talks like a pro. "The passing game, properly done, is unstoppable," he says. "The receiver has the big advantage. He knows where he's going. The defensive man doesn't."

Trull is a talkative, warm, fast-grinning youngster, who exposes such a mouthful of teeth that his teammates nicknamed him "Gator." He was an all-state quarterback in Oklahoma City but Baylor was one of only three schools re-

After Texas and Arkansas, a big gap

motely interested in him. This year he will have little competition from other quarterbacks in the SWC. At least four teams have serious quarterback problems. Arkansas' Billy Gray is a quick, roll-out-type threat, and Rice's Walter McReynolds has a good arm. Texas' strange combination of Duke Carlisle (who may be a better defensive safety than anything), Tommy Wade, a fine drop-back passer, and run-conscious sophomore Marv Kristynik could conceivably equal Don Trull, but that is three against one and against the rules.

The Best

It was not always so, but when TEXAS and ARKANSAS meet these days there is a madness in the air. Their game has become The Game of the Southwest Conference. Last year 68,000 watched the teams play in Memorial Stadium in Austin, which is a matter of record and not surprising, considering the circumstances, except for one minor point—there were only 65,810 seats. Outside, a would-be spectator's sign read, "If I don't get in, I'll kill myself."

On hindsight, he may have been better off outside. So, it developed after a tense and wonderfully exciting game, would have Arkansas, which lost as important a game as it ever played and lost, furthermore, in the last desperate 36 seconds 7-3 when Texas Halfback Tommy Ford barreled into the Arkansas end zone with the winning touchdown. Victory for Arkansas would have meant the school's first undefeated season in SWC history and a record four straight Southwest Conference championships for Arkansas Coach Frank Broyles. Instead, it meant Texas' first undefeated season in 39 years, and a third championship for Texas' Darrell Royal, the previous two having been shared with Arkansas.

These teams will dominate the Southwest again in 1963. The Game will move to Little Rock, where 41,000 will be on hand to witness whether Ford and Co. can win again. Ford, an inspired all-conference runner, returns with 27 other lettermen who will give Royal the deepest and soundest squad of his seven years at Texas. There are some third-unit

tackles, guards and ends who probably could start for half of the other seven teams in the SWC. There are also 14 seniors who have lost but one regular-season game in two years.

The best of all the seniors is Scott Appleton, a 6-foot-3, 235-pound tackle who is almost certain to become an All-America. Royal, normally as sparing with adjectives as a Trappist monk is with words, says, "He wrecked our spring. He wasn't blocked eight times. It became a joke that whoever was No. 2 weak-side guard [the player across from Appleton in Royal's flip-flop offense] would automatically move down to No. 3 the next week."

While Texas' main strength lies in the line, Ford will not be lonely in the backfield. Ernie Koy, 6 feet 2, 215 pounds and fast, the league's top sophomore a year ago and one of the nation's very best punters, has moved from wingback to fullback. On the wing, explosiveness has been added in the form of Phil Harris, a 6-foot, 195-pound sophomore. Royal has never balked at using sophomores, and Harris is one of four Texas rookies who will play a lot. The others are George Sauer Jr., son of the ex-Nebraska All-America and current New York Jet director of player personnel, a flashy end who can become the Longhorns' finest pass receiver in decades; Tommy Nobis, a wild little linebacker who wants to become the new Pat Culppepper and most likely will; and Kristynik, who, Royal explains, "can't do anything but move a team."

Royal will shuttle Kristynik into the games behind, between or perhaps ahead of seniors Carlisle and Wade. Worst news of all for Arkansas: Royal has never lost a game in Arkansas.

But no one is feeling sorry for Arkansas, which almost never loses to any SWC team except Texas. The Razorbacks, in fact, have not lost a game in November (they play Texas in October) since Broyles became head coach in 1958, and they have meanwhile won a total of 18. There is no reason to think they will not go on winning that way. Broyles has organized the entire state behind him, just as Johnny Vaught has at Mississippi, and very few good high school prospects ever escape his waiting em-

brace. Arkansas should win nine games this season, losing only to Texas.

Like most college coaches, Broyles is fond of bromides. One of his favorites is "luck follows speed." The Razorbacks live by it and by Broyles' uncanny knack of improvising. Last year, for instance, he transformed his best linebacker, Danny Brabham, into an all-conference fullback. Brabham is gone, and so is All-America Quarterback Billy Moore. The losses would bother a lot of teams, but Arkansas has 24 lettermen, the most good tackles Broyles ever had, the most ends, led by dazzling receiver Jerry Lamb, a superb linebacker-center in Ronnie Caveness, an equally superb "nose [middle] guard" in Mike Hales and a host of nondescript yet furiously determined running backs like George Rex Walker. Billy Gray, who replaces Moore, is the quickest quarterback of Broyles' regime. But the Porker who scares Broyles because he is so good is sophomore Quarterback Jon Brittenum, a deadly passer. Broyles hates to play sophomores and ordinarily would hold Brittenum out, "but I might be leaving a couple of victories on the bench," says Broyles.

TCU, the third best team in the Southwest, is a good step removed from the leaders. To compound its troubles, TCU must face Arkansas in the first SWC game, and this is a task it has found almost impossible during recent years. For this season TCU has 28 lettermen and the largest team in the conference despite the loss of Sonny Gibbs. It will be a power team, featuring the bruising runs of Fullback Tommy Crutcher, who is also an excellent linebacker and, in the opinion of many, the most complete football player in the conference. Outside running should come from Jimmy Fauver, a junior who is a breakaway runner, but quarterback will cause miseries. The line is deep and solid, led by 6-foot-6, 255-pound Center Ken Henson. "They'll do," says Coach Abe Martin, with his unflinching optimism. "But every time I get to thinkin' we're pretty good, a pro scout comes through talkin' about Texas and Arkansas and Rice and Baylor and all of a sudden I'm fightin' for fifth."

If TCU does wind up fifth, then undoubtedly RICE and BAYLOR will be the reason. Like TCU, the Owls of Jess Neely

continued

A&M, SMU and Tech are coming on

have seven returning starters, including two fine fullbacks in Russell Wray and Paul Piper. Unlike the Horned Frogs, however, the Owls have a proven quarterback in Walter McReynolds, who was a good sophomore in 1962.

Should Rice suddenly develop into something more than predicted, the reason will be two players named Walker. Malcolm Walker is a center who was so good as a freshman that longtime Owl supporters rated him the school's all-time center. A junior now, the 6-foot-4, 240-pound Dallas product may be ready to prove it in a conference of good centers. The other Walker (no relation) is Gene, a sophomore running back who is 6 feet 2, weighs 202 and is not only fast but shifty. Neely most often treats sophomores like a disease, but Gene Walker was on the first team almost before spring training began.

Baylor, thin as usual, not only has to combat the conceded depth of its foes, but Coach John Bridgers' Bears must listen to all of the jokes about not winning a conference title since 1924. Baylor fans can take heart that their team loses championships excitingly. No team in the country opens up the game more than the Bears, and with Don Trull still around, the trademark will stick this season. A fine crop of receivers for Trull, including Lawrence Elkins and James Rust, will make Baylor fun again and capable of upsetting the best.

One team that just as well could have forgotten football a year ago is TEXAS A&M. Coach Hank Foldberg, who replaced Jim Myers in 1962, instituted what some critics called the "confusion T," and the Aggies ran more than 50 different formations. They still were led in scoring by departed field goal kicker (he kicked seven) Mike Clark.

This year the pragmatic Foldberg is ditching most of his formations and returning to an attack based on a few plays and power. Jim Linnstaedler, a fine runner, has moved to quarterback. In the line are 6-foot-5, 259-pound Ray Kubala, a tower of a center and line-backer, and Guard Melvin Simmons. The Cadets figure to be ornery down the middle, with Fullback Jerry Rogers running behind Kubala.

SMU is another school seeking re-

covery under a new coach, Hayden Fry. All through last season, his first, Fry's talent was sparse, but he came up with enough gimmicks to promote a fanatical Mustang spirit, and SMU not only played a close game with every opponent save one, it won two, and Fry was voted the SWC Coach of the Year. This season most of the same Ponies return, including Quarterback Don Campbell, nifty runner Billy Cannon, exceptional Linebacker John Hughes and standout Tackle John Kneel. Moreover, Fry has products of the best freshman team in the SWC last year, including such outstanding prospects as Mac White, a quarterback, Mike Tahoe, a 215-pound fullback, and Guard Jim Sison. "All we were looking for were warm bodies a year ago," says Fry. "The bodies are a little warmer and there are a few more of them now."

The warmest body in the league may well belong to Donny (Boom Boom) Anderson, who is expected to lead Coach J. T. King and TEXAS TECH out of the wilderness of the South Plains. Anderson is 6 feet 3, weighs 195 and is already called by some the finest back ever to enroll at Tech. In high school he put the shot 53 feet, ran the high hurdles in 14.9, high-jumped 6 feet 2 and turned down a baseball offer promising him an off-season eight-year college education at \$800 per month. Anderson is one of many sophomores King will rely on as Tech recruiting begins to pay dividends. Quarterback will be shared by two rookies, Ben Elledge and Danny Scarborough, both among the "must wanted" list during their senior year in high school. Another sophomore, Leo Lowery of Lovington, N. Mex., will be at fullback. There is one outstanding senior, End David Parks, whom King considers to be "the kind of boy a coach gets once in 10 years." Tech will have to prove itself in 1963, but Donny Anderson may have the Red Raiders coming faster than anyone suspects.

The Rest

Outside the Southwest Conference, exceptional backfield men continue to float around all over Texas. The UNIVERSITY OF HOUSTON even has a gravedigger for

a halfback. He is Joe Lopasky, a 205-pound junior from Lehman, Pa., who worked in a cemetery at home before scoring three touchdowns against Baylor and personally annihilating Miami of Ohio in the Tangerine Bowl. "He's one of the best runners I've seen inside the 20," says Coach Bill Yeoman, who came to Houston from Duffy Daugherty's staff at Michigan State. "Our whole backfield potential is greater than any I saw at Michigan State, but we'll need it." The Cougars have a stiff independent schedule that includes Auburn, Ole Miss, Alabama, Baylor, Texas A&M and Mississippi State.

Another foreigner in Texas, Pistol Pete Pedro from Massachusetts, is back for his senior year at WEST TEXAS STATE. Pedro is only 5 feet 9 and 165 pounds, but he has exceptional speed and superb balance. Although injured for the better part of four games as a junior last year, he still gained 831 yards and put Coach Joe Kerbel's team in the Sun Bowl. The Buffaloes should be headed there again.

If Pete Pedro is too fast for the pro scouts to keep up with, they will probably linger a while at NORTH TEXAS STATE, where Coach Odus Mitchell has three bright prospects among the top of his T-All-Missouri Valley Fullback Dwan Bean and Halfbacks Bobby Smith and A. D. Whitfield. For two years Smith has been called "the new Abner Haynes," but Bean and Whitfield have proved just as devastating.

TEXAS WESTERN and TRINITY have little experience and the accent is clearly on the future for both. Sophomore Jerry Tucker adds passing to Texas Western's attack. Halfback Overt Logan, who averaged 5.2 yards a year ago, is Trinity's man to stop. Everything at ARLENE CHRISTIAN hinges on the slick running of Owen Morrison again. His habit is breaking up games, as Fresno State and MEMPHIS can testify. If McMurry's Don Mraz, who runs and passes, does well by his quarterback inheritance, the Indians should be better than their 6-4 record. HARDING-SIMMONS is putting all of its hopes on Pat Batten, a 220-pound halfback who makes 4.2 yards each time he carries the ball. Good as Batten is, his team must expect nothing but the worst.

THE WEST Beathard does everything



The Quarterback

The ball was on Wisconsin's 13-yard line, but it did not really matter to most Southern California partisans in the Rose Bowl whether the team scored again or not. Quarterback Pete Beathard already had given USC a deliciously comfortable lead. But Beathard was not done. He took the snap and raced out to the left, as he had done all day from USC's I formation, and then, turning, he fired a pass back to the right and down the middle. End Fred Hill caught the ball for the touchdown that eventually won the game from the Big Ten champions, 42-37. It was Pete Beathard's fourth scoring pass of the day, a Rose Bowl record.

"Running left and throwing right, or straight ahead, is one of the most difficult things a passer has to do," says Don Klosterman, talent director of the AFL Champion Kansas City Chiefs. "And nobody in college football can do it like Pete Beathard."

Klosterman is the most vocal of all Beathard admirers, of whom there are many, including a large sampling of pro scouts. Klosterman, admittedly, has known Beathard since the 6-foot-1, 191-pound Trojan star was in grade school. "When he was a high school freshman, while most kids in his town [El Segundo, Calif.] were learning how to be surfers, Pete was asking how you set up and got the ball away as a pro quarterback," Klosterman says.

Beathard did so many things so well a year ago that USC went unbeaten and untied and was the country's unanimous champion. Among his many accomplishments were these: he hit 54 (with only one intercepted) of 107 passes for 948 yards and 10 touchdowns, ran for 290 yards and five more touchdowns and intercepted three passes on defense.

Pete Beathard is a quiet, calculating senior who, despite the success that both he and USC enjoyed in 1962, has worked all summer on his passing. "I think I'm

throwing 40% better than I did in my first year," says Beathard. "Mainly I've been interested in trying to get the ball away quicker."

In the annual spring game against the alumni—a glittering squad that included Jon Arnett, Ron Mix and Marlin McKeever, among other pros—Beathard showed that he had lost nothing since his Rose Bowl performance. He completed nine of 14 passes for 119 yards and one touchdown, ran six times for 60 yards and another score, played more than 50% on defense, and the varsity won by the staggering count of 44-6.

In the Far West, Beathard's biggest competition for quarterback awards will come from California's rangy junior Craig Morton, who may be too good to be true. After missing the first five games because of a knee injury, Morton, a 6-foot-4 210-pounder, stepped in against Penn State and put Coach Marv Levy in shock. Morton calmly completed 20 of 28 passes for three touchdowns. He was

continued

A strong line will see USC through

just as good for the rest of the season. Playing in only half his team's games, Morton connected on 69 of 126 passes for 905 yards and nine touchdowns.

"If his knee holds up, he'll prove he's the greatest," says Levy in this year of superlatives about college quarterbacks. "He's got the damdest arm I've ever seen, he's the toughest kid on the team and the handsomest."

The Best

Even USC football enthusiasts, who had lived so long with their memories of better days, watched in wonder last year when the Trojans got past 10 straight opponents to win the national championship. Another national title is too much to expect but, with many of the same players returning, USC again will be the best in the West.

Coach Johnny McKay, true to the tradition of his profession, is not so sure. Although he admits that "we're faster than last year and our passing will be as good if not better," McKay complains about a lack of depth. Additionally, he is apprehensive about his schedule. Before they even get to a Big Six rival, the Trojans must play Oklahoma, Michigan State, Notre Dame and Ohio State. "Why," says McKay, "we're liable to put a guy in motion and he'll drop dead—from sheer fright."

This USC team is not likely to be scared by anyone. It will be too busy prodding opponents off balance with McKay's shuffling T, which is really the I formation jiggered up with precisely timed movement. Pete Beathard is a constant threat at quarterback with his roll-outs and sharpshooting passes to Hal Bedsole, the 6-foot-5 end who moves with astonishing swiftness for a big man, and goes after a pass with the zeal of an octopus. Then there is Willie Brown, the free-swinging halfback. Brown can slither through a line or skip brazenly around it, and he catches passes too. His running mate will be Mike Garrett, a smallish sophomore with major moves.

Good as the backfield is, it is the line that makes USC so formidable. Not big, comparatively, it blocks fiercely and defends with the stubbornness of a Dutch dike. Guard Damon Bume, although

only 187 pounds, is a linebacker who delights in smashing ballcarriers head on. The best of all may be Gary Karner, a 200-pound tackle with the strength to penetrate opposing defenses.

McKay pretends to be unimpressed by these obvious riches. Says he, "I'm picking Stanford to win in the Big Six." Privately, McKay frets about WASHINGTON. The Huskies have suffered critical losses at halfback and center—Charlie Mitchell and Ray Mansfield have left—and Fullback Junior Coffey is out with a broken foot. Only 13 lettermen are back, but all are top-grade players and Coach Jim Owens has a delectable crop of sophomores.

Washington and USC will meet in Seattle on November 2, and the weapon will be the I formation, variations of which are used by both. Retaining the

herried but organized confusion that bewilders almost everybody, the Huskies will peel out of the huddle in two waves, then come back with their blinking I with the end split 15 yards, one halfback set out 10 yards and the other posted behind the fullback. Sometimes all will move on the first signal, other times the deep halfback will go into motion.

Washington will be quick and deft but without Coffey's brutal running power it may not be so damaging. Charlie Browning, who hits hard, is not another Coffey and Washington may have to rely more upon Quarterback Bill Douglas' little passes and the wide sweeps of Halfbacks Dave Kopay and Ron Medved, a slick sophomore runner. But the Huskies have a lively line to help, including Rick Redmond and Rick Sortun, a pair of aggressive 210-pound guards.

Hal Bedsole, USC's All-America end, catches pass despite leap by Notre Dame defender.



Accent on speed at Arizona State

"We'll be exciting," predicts Owens, "and capable, I hope, of beating any team we play." He means USC.

OREGON, stripped almost bare in the line, nevertheless figures to be the most dangerous independent in the West. The reason? A rat-tat-tat offense led by Mel Renfro, one of the best runners in college this year. Renfro runs with the easy grace of a hurdler—which he is—and can also bull for short yardage. Should the defense stick against him, it will discover Larry Hill, the other halfback, who can run, too.

Mindful of his team's defensive shortcomings, Coach Len Casanova knows that Oregon will have to score a lot to win. So, with Quarterback Bob Berry, an expert passer, and good split ends like letterman Paul Burleson and sophomore Ray Palm, the Webfoots will pass more.

OREGON STATE, even without all-everything Terry Baker, will be strong again. The Beavers have 27 lettermen, their line is bigger and deeper and, like almost everybody else, Coach Tommy Prothro will open up his wing T. His gimmick is a floater back to punt off with Vern Burke, the lanky end who was the nation's No. 1 pass receiver last year. There will be another change: Gordon Queen, the new quarterback, will not roll out as Baker did. He will pass from the pocket, mostly to Burke, naturally, and leave the running to Leroy Whittle and Booker Washington.

ARIZONA STATE, which led the country in scoring (304 points) and total offense (384.4 yards per game) in 1962, has another racy backfield, with seven men who do the 100 in 10 flat or better (and one of them is Henry Carr, the world record holder in the 220). Halfbacks Charley Taylor and Gene Foster and Fullback Tony Lorrack, a halfback last year, ran for 1,509 yards and scored 20 touchdowns. Quarterback John Jacobs completed 77 passes for 14 scores.

Except for Sam Fanelli and Pat Apuluse, 230-pound tackles, and Herman Harrison, a 210-pound end, the Sun Devil line is light and fast. It has to be to get out of the way of those backs. Take it from Joe Kush, younger brother of Coach Frank Kush and the pulling guard who leads the sweeps: "You've got to hurry or you'll get run over."

The pity of it all is that ASU cannot win the Western Athletic Conference title; it does not play enough league games. ARIZONA is the most likely choice to win. Coach Jim LaRue has 27 players back. Big, sturdy linemen like Jerry Zeman, a 216-pound tackle, and John Briscoe, a 215-pound guard, will set up a stiff defense while Fullback Ted Christy and Halfback Tom Phillips give the Wildcats a strong inside-outside game.

The Rest

Despite Arizona's apparent strength, just about everybody in the WAC will have a say in deciding the title. NEW MEXICO, the defending champion, has a solid interior line, led by Eddie Stokes, the all-conference center. However, the Lobos miss the offense they had last year. WYOMING also has a surplus of good linemen but Coach Lloyd Eaton is so desperate for running halfbacks that he moved Rick Desmarais, the team's leading rusher, over from fullback. The move just might put the Cowboys in the race. UTAH will frighten some teams with Quarterback Gary Hertzfeldt's passing and Fullback Doug Wasko's inside power lunges. Unfortunately the Utes yield too readily on defense. BRIGHAM YOUNG could be the real spoiler. The Cougars have 31 experienced players, and the defense, Coach Hal Mitchell's biggest worry in 1962, is stancher. Although Tailback Eldon Fortie is gone, BYU will be sprightly with Phil Brady and Ron Stewart, a fast sophomore, running out of Mitchell's variable single wing.

On the Coast the emphasis will be on changing offenses. STANFORD fired Coach Jack Curtice and now John Ralston, who did so well at Utah State, has injected life into the Indians with the wing T. He moved two quarterbacks to halfback and gave the quarterback job to Clark Weaver, who throws short passes well. Stanford's first line averages 226 pounds from tackle to tackle and Marv Harris, shifted from guard to center, is as good as any lineman in the West. But the Indians are slow.

AT UCLA, Coach Bill Barnes reteoled his T for more flexibility. He also has a passer in Steve Sindell, a Junior College All-America from Santa Monica City

College. But Sindell is no runner and the Bruins may have to go with Larry Zeno at quarterback, who runs better than he throws. UCLA, happily, has Mike Haffner, the shifty tailback who sat out last year with a knee injury, and Mel Proff, the 6-foot-5 end, an outstanding pass receiver, blocker and tackler. The player to watch, though, is Russ Banducci, a 215-pound sophomore guard, who may one day be better than his father, Bruno, the old pro lineman.

Just about the only enjoyable moments CALIFORNIA's Marty Levy had last fall came when Craig Morton was throwing the ball. His other backs had trouble getting to the line of scrimmage and the defense had more holes than a swordfish net. It was almost enough to make Levy turn in his Phi Beta Kappa key. Instead he brought in three new assistants, switched to the flanker T and discarded the monster defense for a wide tackle set. Morton will still pass a lot but the running will be more spirited and the line more respectable. The Bears will not win too often but at least they will have a snapper lock.

WASHINGTON STATE will be hard to beat. Its interior line is bursting with holdovers, and Quarterback Dave Matheson will be throwing to Split End Gerry Shaw. The Cougars also will run more.

UTAH STATE is one of the West's lustier independents. Tony Knap, who moved up from line coach to replace John Ralston, put in the I formation in the spring and blithely announced, "We expect to pass 50%" of the time." Knap just happens to have an exciting, exacting passer in Quarterback Bill Munson and a superb receiver in Jim McNaughton, a 225-pound 6-foot-2 end. He also has some nifty runners. But the Aggies' interior line is spotty. The back will cost them some games.

NEW MEXICO STATE will be improved. The Aggies still have Preacher Pilot, the powerful tailback who led the nation in rushing in 1961 and 1962. Coach Warren Woodson also has two mammoth-sized transfers, 230-pound Tackle Willie Adams and 220-pound End Verna Green, and Earnest Johnson, a fast 200-pound sophomore guard.

The other teams in the region will have to settle for small favors.

NEXT PAGE, SMALL COLLEGES

SMALL COLLEGES Bork stands out



The Quarterback

Against Eastern Illinois last year, a guileless, unprepossessing quarterback named George Bork took the pass from center, handed it off to the left half, who then handed to the right half on a double reverse. It was fourth down and eight on Eastern's 35. The right half handed the ball right back to Bork, who forthwith passed for a touchdown. "The score was 0-0," said Bork. "I don't think they expected anything like that so early. We beat them 21-0."

Eastern obviously was surprised. It should not have been. When Quarterback George Bork of Northern Illinois gets the ball, everybody and his Aunt Harriet knows he is going to pass. What no one knows, not even Aunt Harriet, is how to stop him. This year, before he takes home his last game ball, Bork and Northern Illinois University will hold every significant alltime passing and total-offense record in college football.

Already Bork is the alltime leader in 1) passes completed per season (232); 2) passes completed in one game (37); 3) yards gained by passing in a season (2,506); 4) accuracy (65.2% on the basis of 150 or more attempts); and he has 22 other records. By midseason he should also have the career records in all these categories as well as the one for total yardage running and passing.

Considering that Bork was also a hot basketball prospect in high school, the casual bystander might wonder how he was snatched from the Big Ten's very maw by Northern Illinois, not too many years before known as De Kalb Normal. A sizable part of the answer is that Bork was only 5 feet 10 and 155 pounds and that Michigan—the primary Big Ten recruiter—wanted Bork to restrict himself to basketball. The largest portion of the answer, however, is the small-town atmosphere of De Kalb (where barbed wire was invented and corn is king), which Bork found appealing.

In the words of Football Coach Howard Fletcher, "You could never pick Bork out in a crowd." Committed to Midwest values, Bork is modest, democratic and scorns pretense or social striving. He is so democratic, in fact, that originally he wanted to be a lineman but got squashed often enough to realize he was not big enough. He became a quarterback when touch football teammates made him do the passing. The Bork ethic demands that when one gets a lead role, he plays it very, very well.

Today, at 170 pounds, Bork considers himself "average." He demands no more for playing football than a letter and a job paying \$48 a month and he wants to play pro football just because "it would be kind of a challenge." But he does like to win. Says he, "All my thoughts, when I'm playing, are based on a pattern. It's a way of doing the job—which is winning." And if it simplifies that job, Bork does not mind a complicated play or a complex strategy.

Oklahoma Central by a wide margin

"We pass 70% of the time, using the shotgun offense a lot," says Bork, "but we also use quite a few screens and flare passes to stop the heavy rush. There are even several plays where I run." He adds, "Mr. Fletcher doesn't like me to run."

But run he will—and pass very often too. With a somewhat improved line, Northern Illinois could rise immodestly high among small-college teams, although it might not reach the heights of favorites Fresno, Oklahoma Central, Florida A&M and Susquehanna, as the regional reports below can testify.

The Midwest

Last year OKLAHOMA CENTRAL vandalized the Oklahoma Collegiate Athletic Conference, winning all of its games by an average margin of 28 points. When it demolished NAIA rivals by similar scores and won the small-college championship, people everywhere were suddenly impressed. They had better stay that way. Nineteen of 22 regulars return and the team will be "at least three-deep with capable hands" in 1963. Passer Mike Rollins (50% completions and 12 touchdowns last year) has gone but experienced sophomore C. B. Speegle is a good replacement. Backs R. L. Briggs (1,126 yards), George Hughley (601) and Bobby Williams all averaged six or seven yards per carry in 1962. They are back and so are Ends Billy Jones and Jan Davis, Clyde Frolich and Val Reneau in the line.

WITTENBERG, after its perfect 9-0 record in 1962, graduated six starters, including Little All-America Tackle Don Hunt. Is Wittenberg worried? Not really, and one reason is Quarterback Charlie Green, who completed 79 of 147 passes for 1,227 yards and 15 touchdowns. Other good reasons are 28 lettermen, among them eight-touchdown-receiver Bob Cherry.

As any back chased by red dogs knows, nothing is more reassuring than a solid line. NORTHERN MICHIGAN has a solid line. Led by Tackle Jack Mauro, Guard Bob Kalbfleisch and End Len St. Jean, the Northern front is too deep and experienced, if, however, a bit slow. The backfield is inexperienced and Quarterback Stan Ferris is only a fair passer.

Success depends on how well promising Fullback Don Bangert and Halfback Tim Trantietzki use their blocking.

With 11 lettermen in its interior line, it is no sign of weakness that SOUTHERN ILLINOIS has shifted four players from guard to other interior positions. The resultant starting guards, Jim Manton and Mitchell Krawczyk, are two of the better in the small-college business, as are Halfbacks Charles Warren and Carl Kimbrel. Senior Quarterback Dave Harris is as good as last year's incumbent, yet three sophomores are capable of replacing him. Disregard Coach Carmen Picoone's plaint that the squad is half sophomores. With 25 good lettermen back, that is merely a commentary on how many excellent sophs he has.

DRAKE, which proved itself one of the country's most potent "small" college teams by beating or seriously challenging such schools as Wichita, Southern Illinois and Iowa State in 1962, has challenges of its own in 1963. Foremost is the total departure of its first two backfields. Only three starters return to the line, and one of these is three-lettered Guard Lou Proctor, who lost his right hand in an accident this summer. Proctor fully intends to remain Drake's best lineman—and is expected to succeed. With that example before it, Drake's best freshman group in 10 years could be quite competent. Quarterback Tim Roels, Halfbacks Lee Brothers and Dan Mitera and End Don Ferrell are the players to watch.

Swayed by BALDWIN-WALLACE victories in the last six games of 1962, many observers call B-W one of the Midwest's best. Halfback George Morris (618 yards), Ends Jerry Roberts and Larry Shimm and Tackle Don Hyne tend to support the theory. At the halfback position, Coach Lee Tressel's only dilemma is which Boynar twin to use—Don or Den.

OMAHA has 300-pound Tackle Jack Petersen, 9-4 Halfback Roger Sayers (brother of Kansas' Gale), Quarterback Carl Meyers (58 of 126 passes for 1,012 yards) and almost all the rest of an 8-1-1 team back. Omaha expects a lovely fall. Opponents, eyeing a Redskin defensive line averaging 245, do not.

Right in Northern Illinois' own conference, CENTRAL MICHIGAN looks ready

to score often enough and to win often enough to keep Bork & Co. worried. The Chippewas, who actually beat Northern last year by the basketball score of 35-27, have three good backfields. Most schools would settle for one that includes Quarterback Dick Moffit and big Halfback Bill Shuple.

An interesting quirk in the football map has been the absence of a single "major" team in the Dakotas and Montana. Judging by its stiffened schedule and 7-2-1 1962 record, SOUTH DAKOTA STATE is a possible future luminary. For this season, however, backfield losses through ineligibility make the Jackrabbits too reliant on Halfback Wayne Rasmussen and their able line. And they play Nebraska.

Members of the fratricidal Midwest Conference to enjoy ambushing their brothers that they schedule no outsiders. A little more equal among equals, GRINNELL probably will emerge on top again, boosted there by Guard Steve Warrick, Halfback Elston Bowers and Fullback Joel Goldman. Only a fat cat whisker behind will be KENON, blessed with all-time best conference Quarterback Jack Anderson. Following as close as their interneine nature permits should be COE, ST. OLAF and LAWRENCE.

In a region as thickly populated with small colleges and big football as the Midwest, noteworthy teams can go unnoticed. Lest their admirers rise in arms, CARTHAGE, vanguarded by Tackle Gene Sehrader and Halfback Jim Payne; ST. JOHN'S, led by Tackle John McDowell; and WHEATON, home of Guard Dick Taylor, are good enough to reward the most indiscriminating spectator. Also praiseworthy are VALPARAISO, KALAMAZOO, ALBION, NORTHERN SOUTH DAKOTA, HILLSDALE, EMPORIA, UPPER IOWA and PITTSBURG STATE.

The East

SUSQUEHANNA, owner of the nation's longest undefeated streak (22 games), will not win the Middle Atlantic northern division championship. The Crusaders are not playing enough conference games. This will save weaker league members untold blood-and-tearshed, since Susquehanna boasts such goodies as a full-

continued

Florida A&M is rough again

back who rampaged 583 yards for 74 points (Larry Kerstetter), a halfback who gained 757 while scoring 46 (Larry Erdman) and a quarterback who averaged 7.4 while running 527 yards (Don Green). Not bad for a school which has lost 70% of its games since 1892 and which abbreviates spring practice because its coach is busy with baseball.

Though in the same league, **HOFSTRA** never meets Susquehanna, more's the pity. Consistent winners, the Dutchmen blushing admit, "Frankly, it looks like a seventh straight winning season." Returning lettermen like Tackle Don Cummings and Guard Ray DiScala in the interior line, Hofstra also has deep backfield strength in men such as Quarterback Len Garille, Doug Sickel, Jim Stamos and sophomore Dave Smith.

Among those eligible in the northern division, **MORAVIAN** is the team. Quarterback Andy Semmel unreeled yardage running (332 last year) and passing (406). Halfback Frank Grablachoff catches and runs creditably. **JUNIATA** has a new coach and hopes for new success, resting largely on a formidable line. But either Larry Landini or Malcolm Wakefield must settle in comfortably at quarterback. **ALBRIGHT** recently had a 21-game undefeated streak, but it was broken during a sad 3-5 1962 season. Now Coach John Pottskan's students again have a strong line and Running Backs Robert Kopp, Gerald Smith and Doug Deicke. The problem is quarterback.

In the southern division, defending champion **DREXEL**, equipped with Tackle Joel Gotchel and Fullback Bruno Ceccarelli, expects to repulse defense-minded **PENN MILITARY** and **LEBANON VALLEY**.

Little All-America Fullback Joe (98 Points) Iacone and End Max Miesion (54) have bidden farewell to **WEST CHESTER**, but sensational passer Terry Eberly and 28 lettermen like Tackle Tony Di-Midio, End Dick Mazza and Center Ken Johns are back with bad news for opponents. Unless Toby Barkman and a superb defense accelerate **EAST STROUBSBURG**, West Chester should take the Pennsylvania Conference eastern title, while **SLIPPERY ROCK** fights off insurgent, intact **INDIANA** in the western division.

Powerful again among independents will be **SOUTHERN CONNECTICUT**.

The Southwest

FIVE of **ARLINGTON**'s 10 opponents for 1962 were major teams. After a poor 4-6 season, the Rebels are strengthening their conditioning program and weakening their schedule. Quarterback Doug Wilson may gain even more than his 1962 totals of 555 yards rushing and 501 passing. Tackles Jack Hall and Jim Ferguson typify a nasty stretch of line, but Arlington has just enough inexperience in the backfield to keep the schedule change from being unsporting.

We offer here excerpts from **TEXAS A&I**'s self-assessment: End Ted Unbehagen, "strong offensive player"; End Gerald Pargamann, "strong"; Tackle Johnny Herren, "very strong arms"; Tackle Jesse Villesca, "strong"; Guard Armando Nino, "strong"; Guard Vic Swedlund, "strong"; Center Frank Kelly, "strong linebacker"; Quarterback Randy Johnson, "tremendous passer"; Halfback Sid Blanks, "top pro prospect"; Halfback Wes Robinson, "good speed and moves"; Fullback Louis Landry, "strong." A&I's conclusion: "A&I can't help but be weaker." Our conclusion: A&I is strong.

Its defensive line, **TEXAS SOUTHERN** modestly admits, is "very capable of overpowering blockers." This is just a corollary of the fact that the whole Southern team is quite capable of overwhelming most opponents. Although their specialty is defense, Center Carl Woodward, Guards Herbert Broussard and John Thompson and Tackle Leon Hardy are gloriously offensive, too. Receivers Herman Driver (646 yards last year) and Warren Wells (547), Quarterback Carl Zenn (42 of 84 passes complete for 11 touchdowns and 826 yards) and Halfbacks B. W. Cheeks and Robert Batts overpower defenses. **FRAISER** view, the other Texas contender, may give Southern its major competition in the Southwestern Conference.

What trouble **TEXAS A&I** has in the Lone Star Conference should mostly be provided by **SOUTHWEST TEXAS**. In charge of other-directed trouble are a two-deep line led by Little All-America Tackle John Reese, proven Quarterback Danny Leineweber and four fettle-some halfbacks. In the next bracket are

LAMAR TECH and **EAST TEXAS**, both of which have a fierce crop of sophomores elbowing aside some of the plentiful veterans.

Among independents, **TEXAS LUTHERAN** balances significant losses with potent replacements. From Pilgrimage's 55-consecutive-game prep winners comes Fullback James Bohls to join End Aaron Theilengerdes and Fullback Dickie Manske. Guard Gary Peterson and Halfback Harold Anderson are as fine a pair of holdovers as ever held over.

The South

FLORIDA A&M Coach Jake Gaither has a serious problem—Robert Hayes, the world's fastest runner. Hayes has lots to learn about football, Gaither contends, notably how to change speed through broken-field openings. The problem is one almost any coach can live with, but this will be easier for Gaither, who also has the forces in depth to which he is long accustomed. Alfred Denson could be the area's best end (461 yards in 1962), and important things are expected of Emmett Gamble and Owen McKay at tackle and Charlie Billins at guard. The line as a whole, while chosen for agility rather than size, averages 230, and Jim Tullis, Bobby Felts and Bruce Wilkins are not bad backs. Gaither even admits that Hayes is "dangerous to the outside."

Though Texas members threaten to dominate the Southwestern Conference this year, the South may yet triumph. Defending titlist **JACKSON STATE**, despite loss of Quarterback Roy Curry, End Willie Richardson and 14 others, can rebuild around Halfback Chico Jordan and Tackle Ben MaGee. **GRAMBLING** may have lost too much, but **SOUTHERN** stands to move up on the strength of a brawny line headed by Ends Sidney Williams and Richard Jackson, plus Fullback Maek Hill.

Coach Hanley Painter of **TENOR RHYNE** has lost two All-America backs, one of whom rushed 1,146 yards (Odell White), the other 989 (Richard Kemp). The third leading rusher, Tailback Jim Qualls, gained precisely 83 yards, but that could be a misleading statistic. Painter always comes up with something

Fresno will edge San Diego State

remarkable, and he most likely will again. For a starter he has crashing Center Howard Barnhardt and experienced signal-calling blocking back Mike Pope.

ALABAMA A&M Coach Louis Crews is relying on prayer. His guards weigh in at 165 pounds, his tackles at 180. This is not last year's fourth-ranked team.

WASHINGTON & LEE ought to be in the Southeastern Conference; it has, literally, an all-senior first team. The Generals also have their best sophomores in five years and enough overall quality to form three equal units. Coach Lee McLaughlin particularly enjoys Stuart Yoffe, best recent W&L halfback (482 yards), Ends John Madison and Buck Ogilvie and Tackle Jim Sylvester. Now if the Generals had just nonrecruited (W&L does not recruit) a junior class to match. . . .

MENESE will again be a contentious contender in the Gulf States Conference,

led by Fullbacks Darrell Lester and Don Bossier. But defending champion NORTHWESTERN LOUISIANA, even with Center Sammy Odum and Halfback Jerry Burson, will have more to worry about than just McNeese. LOUISIANA TECH will have two solid units, outstanding on which are Center John Williamson and sophomore passer Billy Laird.

The West

FRESNO, in a word, is awesome. The cause is not solely 250-pound All-America Tackle Montie Day, already drafted by the Chicago Bears, or even that Coach Cecil Coleman has surrounded Day with linemen who are almost his peer. Offense is Fresno's real forte. Fullback Jim Long, leading scorer and rusher as a sophomore, Quarterback Beau Carter, who completed 49 of 89 for 756 yards as a second-stringer, and End Larry

Fogelstrom (415 yards) are the best of a gifted band.

Little—or not at all—less savage than Fresno is SAN DIEGO STATE, which will field such operatives as two-time MVP Tailback Kern Carson (976 yards rushing, 12 touchdowns), All-America End Neal Petties (384 yards, 44 points) and Mario Mendez, who took enough time out from blocking to score 42 points on 296 yards. With 250-pound Tackles John Farris and David Lay doing the frontwork, the Aztecs would never lose—had they not lost their first three quarterbacks.

From the piteous cries heard around Lake Merced, SAN FRANCISCO STATE is hardly a threat in the Far Western Conference. In truth, San Francisco should have little trouble repeating, with Halfback Tom Manney (555 yards), Fullback Greg Buines, Tackle Ted Freeman and Guard Bob Griffin leading a fine team.

The departure of Quarterback Bob Hidalgo (1,427 yards, 16 touchdowns passing) will not, as one would suppose, paralyze ADAMS STATE, the power of Rocky Mountain small-college football. The resourceful Alamosans are simply giving Carl Fettes, who caught all those passes (615 yards, five touchdowns), a turn at throwing. That leaves the receivers a little weak, but with a deep line, Fettes will have lots of time to find someone to catch the ball. MONTANA is Adams' only Rockies competition.

LINFIELD, undefeated in 21 consecutive regular-season games, still retains half a team of honorable mention All-Americans. Guards Jerry Grossen and Fred vonAppen, Tackle Pete Dengenis and Fullback Dennis Vitale (696 yards, 54 points) are all in that category.

Poets and Pirates, WHITTIER and WHITWORTH are alike in at least one respect: they dominate their leagues. After six consecutive Southern California championships, Whittier is a good bet to parlay Halfback Ron Hales (533 yards in 1962), cool Quarterback Doug Bennett (44 of 91 for 745) and Center Bob Evans into a seventh title. Whitworth is a prohibitive favorite to take the Evergreen Conference again. No one else can match Fullback Charles Reed (1,010 yards) and Quarterback Don Leebick (49 of 96 for 700).

END



Concoyed by Larry Kerstetter, Susquehanna's Larry Erdman begins sweep around end.

High-heeled Recruiter and a Mama's Boy

Mrs. Murphy's halfback was sought by all the top football coaches in the country. Then Wisconsin's Harry Stuhldreher sent his wife to proselyte in a very Irish kitchen

by MARY STUHLBREHER





Drawings by Michael Sauton

I proselyting means recruiting athletes, then I've been guilty, I regret to say. Remember Harry Stuhldreher, the quarterback of the Four Horsemen of Notre Dame, and head football coach at Villanova for 11 years, and at Wisconsin for 13? Well, Harry's now an executive with United States Steel, and has been since 1950. In 1936, however, he was in his first year of coaching at Wisconsin, and I was in my ninth year as Mrs. Stuhldreher. When his football season was over, I took a train to Philadelphia to spend the Thanksgiving holidays with my father at his home in Germantown. One night, while I was still there, Harry called me long distance from Madison.

Whenever Harry wants me to do something I don't want to do, he lowers his voice and speaks as though he were dictating a telegram, and the minute I heard him say, "Mary, there is a halfback, Charlie Murphy, who lives on Chelsea Circle in Germantown—" I knew he wanted me to see this boy and try to get him to come to Wisconsin. I felt little and lost inside.

"But, Harry," I said, "why send me? Why not send my father?"

"Your father thinks Wisconsin's full of Indians."

"But, Harry, I can't talk to this boy. I don't know what to say to him."

"You don't talk to the boy. You talk to his mother. Every school in the country is after this kid. But the mother's the boss. She's the one who'll decide where her son will go." His voice sank lower. "I'm depending on you to have her decide on Wisconsin."

"But, Harry," I said, "what do I say?"

"Tell her we'll give her son a legislative scholarship, and a job that will take care of his expenses."

"Suppose she's already decided on another school," I said. "What do I say then?"

"Say anything you can think of," he said. "But get her to change her mind." His voice was now a whisper. "Remember, Mary, I need Charlie Murphy, and I want him to play on my team."

So I said, "Yes, Harry," and "I'll do my best, Harry." I hung up the phone and went to consult my father.

My father was a typical Irish Catholic. He never asked you what part of Philadelphia you were from. He always asked what parish. He knew Mrs. Murphy's pastor, and through him he made an appointment for me to call on the Murphys, mother and son.

"I'd better go with you," he said. "A man can influence a woman more than another woman can."

"You'd influence her to send her son to Pennsylvania," I said. "I'll go alone."

Chelsea Circle was a quiet side street in Germantown. At 8 o'clock the following evening I climbed the porch steps of the Murphys' shabby house, my lips moving in a soundless repetition of a wet little speech of greeting I had learned by heart and had rehearsed before the mirror at home. I rang the doorbell.

"Come in," a female voice boomed.

I opened the door and stood staring—not at Charlie

continued



UPSET STOMACH?

If you've never tried
Alka-Seltzer
you don't know how
speedy relief can be!

When you have an upset stomach there's nothing quite like Alka-Seltzer.

Alka-Seltzer contains a soothing stomach alkalizer, ready to go to work instantly to soothe and settle upset stomach.

Headache, too? Alka-Seltzer provides the effective pain-reliever, sodium acetylsalicylate, in a completely dissolved solution. In the first ten minutes—when you really need it—the system quickly absorbs more of this Alka-Seltzer pain-reliever.

Take two Alka-Seltzer tablets before bed and wake up feeling better!



SPEEDY IS
ITS MIDDLE NAME

Mama's Boy *continued*

Murphy, who sat silent and sprawling on a studio couch; not at Mrs. Murphy, who sat crouched behind a desk and watched me out of sticky, pale blue eyes—but at the signs of wealth that were scattered around the otherwise drab room. There was a large crystal vase of big bronze chrysanthemums, a five-pound box of Louis Sherry candy, a combination radio and victrola in an ornate Chippendale cabinet, a black sealskin coat flung over the banister.

The wet little speech was not even delivered.

"Holy cats," I exclaimed instead.

It was definitely a bad beginning and I struggled to make amends. "I'm—I'm

to get in right by saying, "Mrs. Murphy, you must have a great many admirers."

She shook her heavy tan head. "I don't, Charles does. These gifts are from men who want Charles to enroll at their school."

She settled her bulges in her own chair and nodded at the chair opposite her. "Sit down, Mrs. Stugere."

Her eyes were still on me, and I smiled a bit uncertainly. "Thank you, Mrs. Murphy," I said, and I sat down.

She looked up at a wall clock. "It's now 8:15. At 8:30, I'm expecting another visitor." She pursed her moist mouth. "Mrs. Stugere, I can give you exactly five minutes."

She tilted her chair back, folded her hands over her ponderous middle and



sorry," I stammered. "I didn't mean to say what I did."

Mrs. Murphy wasn't the least bit perturbed.

"Don't apologize, Mrs. Stugere," she said. (Stugere was a name I had cleverly invented for the occasion.) "You've probably heard we were in modest circumstances, and you didn't expect to see such beautiful things."

She flourished a pudgy hand. "A man from New York sent me the candy. A man from Texas, the radio. The flowers came from Iowa, and the fur coat from Tennessee."

She paused, and I seized the chance

closed her eyes. Then, slowly and distinctly, she began to speak. I gripped the arms of my chair and forced myself to concentrate.

"Mrs. Stugere," she said, "I am a widow. For the past 18 years, I've worked hard to support Charles. Now it's up to Charles to support me."

I glanced at Charles. I was curious to see how he was taking it. As a matter of fact, he was taking it very well. He was sound asleep.

"Charles may be an exceptional athlete," she was saying, "but he's not a bright boy. It was a pull to get him through high school. He's not a shrewd

boy either. He wanted to play football for the University of Pennsylvania, and he didn't want to charge them a cent." Her eyes flew open. "Can you imagine how that made me feel? His giving away his talents free?"

I said, "Yes, I can imagine." I could also imagine how it made the Penn coaching staff feel, too.

"Since Charles is so stupid about the value of money," she said, "I've decided that where he goes, I'll go with him. The college I choose will have to pay his expenses, maintain a home near the campus for me—"

The doorbell rang. "Come in, Mr. Smith," she boomed, and a football coach whom I knew well and whose name was not Smith opened the door and walked into the room.

Mrs. Murphy said to me, "Mrs. Stugere, will you wait in the dining room?"

I winked at the chagrined Mr. Smith. "Don't worry," I said, "I'm traveling under an alias, too." I got up and walked into the dining room.

Five minutes later the doorbell rang again.

Mrs. Murphy boomed, "Come in, Mr. Jones."

I peeked through the glass curtains. Another coach whom I knew well and whose name was not Jones opened the door and walked into the living room.

Mrs. Murphy said, "Mr. Smith, will you wait in the dining room?"

I picked up my purse and my gloves and retreated to the kitchen. An old lady with a rosary in her withered hands and a medal on a chain around her neck was sitting in a wheelchair by the stove.

"I'm Charlie's granny," she said.

"Who are you?"

"I'm Mrs. Stugere," I said.

"You're German?" she said. "You've got the map of Ireland for a face."

"Oh, I'm Irish," I said. "My father's Michael Joseph McEnery. I was born and brought up in St. Vincent's parish."

"So you're Mike McEnery's girl," she said and gave me a toothless grin. "I knew Mike when he was a bit of a boy and lived on Haines Street."

I pressed this advantage quickly.

"Granny, tell me, do you know where Charlie's going?"

"I know," she said. "But I can't tell. I promised Charlie." She cocked her head to one side and eyed me reflectively. "Still and all, since you're Mike's girl, I'll let you in on our secret."

She beckoned. "Come closer, dearie. I don't want herself to hear."

continues



Should you wear striped underwear with a striped shirt?

Congratulations for not throwing those shirts away when you bought Carter's multi-stripe boxers. Frankly, this wear-stripes-with-solids business has gone too far: men have jettisoned most of a wardrobe because it clashed with their Carter's knit boxers. Just between us, nothing can detract from these shorts, knitted from soft Pak-Nit® fabric. (Whew! Glad we rescued those shirts.) Best friend a well-dressed knit-picker ever had:

Carter's
MEDIUM WEIGHTS, MADE
IN THE U.S.A.

Pak-Nit T. M. for Comfort Corp.
CARTER'S PAK-NIT BOXERS \$1.25 at BOSTON, KENNEDY'S • NEW YORK, WALLACE'S • 15 STORES IN GREATER NEW YORK

Thank You
CROSS
Writing Instruments are
always appreciated

From four to fifty dollars
each in Lustrous Chrome,
12 Kt and 14 Kt. Gold Filled,
Sterling and Solid
14 Kt. Gold.

AMERICA'S FINEST WRITING INSTRUMENTS
SINCE 1858
A.T. CROSS
Company

Mama's Boy *continued*

I leaned close and she whispered, "He's going where his mother can't go and that will be the making of Charlie. He's going to the Navy."

When she said the Navy, I took it for granted she meant the Naval Academy in Annapolis, and I wanted to say "It isn't fair. Why should the Navy rate Charlie without his mother thrown in?" Then I decided I'd better take Harry.

he said, "You didn't change Charlie Murphy's mind. He's still going to the Navy." He took the sports page from the newspaper he'd been reading and handed it to me. I looked at it, and I read, "Charles Murphy enlists in the United States Navy. Plans to play football for Great Lakes." I put the sports page down, and I looked at my father.

"I don't care about Charlie's mother," I said, "and I don't care about Charlie's admirers. They had it coming to them."

HERE'S THE STORE LINE-UP
FEATURING THE "BLENRON" SUIT
OF "DACRON" AND WORSTED
\$65.00*
(\$75.00 WITH VEST)

[illegible]

advice and say something that would get her to change Charlie's mind. I looked at the rosary in her hands and at the medal around her neck, and I knew what that something would be.

"Charlie will lose his religion at Annapolis," I said. "They won't let him out on Sunday to go to church."

The doorbell rang again. Mr. Jones moved into the dining room, Mr. Smith moved into the kitchen. "Goodbye, Grunty," I said, and I moved out the back door.

By the time I got home, my conscience had caught up with me, and the next morning at the breakfast table I told my father what I had done.

He listened to me in silence. Then

But I do care about Charlie's Granny, and I'm sorry if I caused her any worry by what I said about the Navy."

I paused and took a deep breath. "Thank goodness, she knows me as Mrs. Stugere, and not as Harry Stahldreher's wife." I was pleading with him for sympathy. He gave me the scorn I deserved instead.

"She knows you as Mike McEnery's daughter," he said. He pushed his chair back from the table and stood up. "Get your hat and coat," he said. "We're going over to Murphy's. If you really are my daughter, you'll tell Granny you're sorry for the vicious lie you told her, and you'll get down on your knees and ask for her forgiveness."

END



setting trends for better times FREDERICK CHAPMAN
for the good state



THE "BLENRON" SUIT: 55% "DACRON" POLYESTER, 45% WORSTED WOOL. "DU PONT" IS REGISTERED TRADEMARK. THE PONY MARK IS TRADE MARK. NET FABRIC OR CLOTHES.

NOW "DACRON" IMPROVES THE FALL-WINTER SUIT ...
KEEPS IT WELL-PRESSED, KEEPS YOU NEAT AND WELL-DRESSED

Forget wrinkles. Neatness is built into this new fall-winter suit. Even in the rain, "Dacron" keeps it in great shape. Do trouser creases stay sharp? You bet. And more! "Dacron" keeps the entire suit neatly pressed. This comfortable, well-tailored suit: 55% "Dacron", 45% worsted, 100% pure luxury. For stores, see opposite page. The suit to ask for



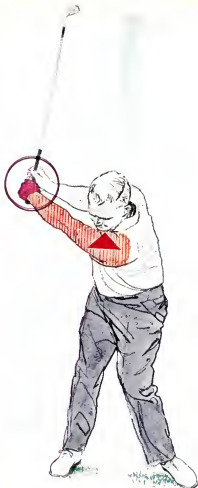
BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING . THROUGH CHEMISTRY

Blenron
THE SUIT TO ASK FOR

The upright swing

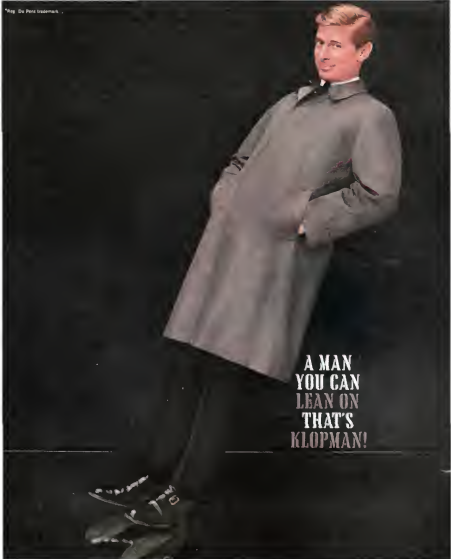
A golf swing that emphasizes the use of the arms and minimizes the hands and wrists is the swing most likely to keep the ball in play hole after hole. Anyone strong enough or big enough to be able to get adequate distance with this kind of swing should certainly try it. In the long run it will bring him lower scores. I feel, for instance, that I do nothing more than swing the left arm back, then down, then out through the ball. That is almost all there is to it. There is, of course, a slight bit of hand action—or rolling of the wrists—but this is kept at an absolute minimum. When the wrists are rolled severely on the backswing it also means that the clubface is turning well off line. It therefore becomes that much more difficult to bring the clubface back absolutely straight at impact. The good arm swing should also be an upright swing. This is achieved by a full body and shoulder turn that starts as soon as the arms begin swinging the club back. The left shoulder should turn well under the chin. Meanwhile, the back of the left hand is kept absolutely square to the line of the swing right up until the hands begin to reach the shoulder level. At this point a certain degree of wrist cocking must take place. This will bring the hands into an upright position at the top of the backswing, from where they can bring the club down with a good deal of power while still keeping the clubface—and therefore the ball—on line toward the hole.

Illustration by THE NICKLAUS BOOKS, INC. © 1978



The left arm should dominate completely in the upright swing (above), with wrist and hand action kept to a minimum. Even in a full swing with the driver (right) the position of the hands remains the same.

*Rag Du Polo trademark.

A man with short, light-colored hair is leaning against a dark, textured background. He is wearing a long, grey raincoat with a high collar and dark trousers. He is looking towards the camera with a slight smile. The lighting is dramatic, highlighting the texture of the raincoat and the man's features.

**A MAN
YOU CAN
LEAN ON
THAT'S
KLOPMAN!**

More and more people are discovering the difference between ordinary fabric and Klopman fabric. **GLENEAGLES** for example, chooses Klopman 80% "DACRON"® POLYESTER and 20% COMBED COTTON gabardine for this raincoat. It shrugs off spots, rain, wrinkling—without even trying. A virtue we weave in deliberately. The sort of thing you take for granted. Not us. It's our business. Raglan-sleeve raincoat in the season's newest colors. About \$40. Weber & Heilbronner, New York; Gano-Downs, Denver; Desmond's, Los Angeles; Godchaux's, New Orleans; Morylle Clothes, Philadelphia; Roos-Atkins, San Francisco. Fabric by Klopman Mills, Inc., 450 Seventh Ave., N.Y. 1. A Division of Burlington Industries, Inc.



THE PIONEER STRETCHWAY® COLLECTION

FROM THE PIONEER WORLD OF FASHION, supple leather belts designed for the man of action. Exclusive, patented stretch Buckle with hidden spring lets the belt expand with your every movement. Always comfortable, always good looking. Illustrated in the season's most handsome colors—\$4. Other Stretchway Belts \$2 to \$15.

At fine stores everywhere



A pet porpoise in the pool

Bern Brothers found that the best way to keep his water-loving wife, Betty, closer to home was to buy a companion to swim with her

According to extensive research now going on, the porpoise is making a monkey out of man. Scientists keep discovering new and extraordinary powers on the part of this remarkable marine animal, and they continue to argue about future relations between the two species. Some scientists predict that man and porpoise will someday engage in meaningful discourse. This has caused a scientific rhuhrb, however, since other scientists insist that man has no more chance of holding a two-sided conversation with a porpoise than he has with his wife.

The astonishing faculties of porpoises remained unfathomed until the building of big oceanariums, where scientific researchers and porpoises could steady each other. But while the authorities in these watery laboratories busy themselves with learned dispute about the significance of their findings, a small, dark-haired woman, half pixie and half mermaid, has come along to prove that a porpoise can become one of the best backyard pets that a human being ever dreamed of petting. Of course, there are special requirements for the backyard.

That of Betty Brothers and Dul, her 3-year-old porpoise, contains a pool,

continued





The nut from the 50th State

From the lush orchards of Kona, once a land of lava, comes a regal delicacy—the Royal Hawaiian Macadamia nut. It's the hardest nut on earth to crack, the mellowest to eat. A Royal Hawaiian Macadamia nut never tastes salty or oily. It tastes orchard-fresh and sunshine-sweet. And one tastes exactly like the other. Naturally, this nut can't be had for peanuts. It's both exclusive and expensive. That's the way it goes with originals, including nuts.

Royal Hawaiian® Macadamia Nuts



Look for the hula girl on the jar or tin

Royal Hawaiian Macadamia Nut Company, Inc.,
Hilo, Hawaii

68 feet by 200 feet, near the Brotheresses' home on Little Torch Key in Florida. In this porpoise-size playground Betty and Dal swim together, rollicking in a spirit of mutual affection. Although a rare sight today, it is one that may soon become familiar whether porpoises and people start talking together or not. A new trend seems to be starting, and lots of people who are able to afford a warm, salt-water pool may soon be getting into the swim with a pet porpoise. Betty Brothers and her porpoise are leading the way.

The comradeship between Betty and her pet is not based on bribing Dal to do tricks or obey orders in anticipation of food. A half-starved animal will extend itself if food is to be the reward, but this porpoise is fed only at mealtime and then is given plenty of silver mullet and trout caught for her by Betty and Bern Brothers. The games the porpoise plays and her response to Betty's commands result from friendliness and a love of fun. The relationship between the two has had a slow growth, compared to the learning of tricks for reward, but Betty prefers to develop companionship rather than conduct an experiment in behavioral psychology. She says that her friendship with the porpoise has now reached the point where the porpoise is giving her commands. When they are speeding through the water with Betty clinging to Dal's dorsal fin and the porpoise says "Hup!" it means they are going to dive to the bottom.

Betty's ownership of the porpoise is due to a combination of reasons, not the least of which was a desire on the part of her husband to keep his wife out of deep water. Little Torch Key is two-thirds of the way down the Florida Keys, just beyond Big Pine Key, about 20 miles from Key West. Sitting at pool-side, Bern Brothers related how he and Betty forsook the paint factory in Ohio, came to Little Torch Key and hewed a home and a small motel out of a wild tangle of mangroves bordering the ocean. Located between the house and the ocean, the pool is freshened twice daily by the rising tide. "This is the pool I built for my wife," Bern said. "When we first came down here she was afraid to go swimming or skin diving in the ocean by herself. She soon outgrew it. Then I couldn't keep her in the pool at all. It seems the fear of the ocean exists only in the mind of the novice. She was

interested in porpoises, so I figured that might do the trick. I bought her this one a year ago. The people who sold it came down and fed it for a while and made sure everything was all right. Including the trucking and everything, it cost around \$400."

Betty now spends longer periods with the porpoise in the pool and less in the ocean alone. During the winter, when the water temperature gets down to 58°, she swims with Dal for an hour each day, but in the summer the two spend three or four hours in the water together daily. She dons a diving mask, flippers and a dark bathing suit, which blends with the dark, smooth back of the porpoise. The fun begins as soon as Betty enters the pool. The porpoise rushes up with her head raised above the water, her large expressive eyes enhancing her jovial friskiness. Betty gives her a pat of greeting and the two begin to dive, roll and swim together.

Down, girl

Betty will say, "Down, down!" pointing downward with one hand. Then they go into a simultaneous dive, the two heads disappearing together. As they descend, the tail and the two flipper-clad feet point skyward and then pass from view, side by side. Betty has improved her breath control, and they stay under a long time, or what seems to the observer a long time. Betty will reach out and hook one hand over Dal's dorsal fin, a signal for the porpoise to go into high gear. Speeding up and down the pool—which has a maximum depth of 14 feet and rough coral rocks along its sides—Dal pulls Betty on a ride that proves the slowness of even the best human swimmer.

At other times Dal will roll over, swim on her back or do other tricks in response to Betty's commands. In mischievous moods the porpoise will tease Betty, keeping just beyond reach of her hand, or dash to the bottom in a game of hide-and-seek.

When she and Bern first discussed buying a porpoise, Betty thought the idea ridiculous. She had been fascinated by them since 1946, when the Brotheresses moved to the Keys, but only as wild things: she watched them when they came up beside the boat to look at the occupants, and she studied the porpoise families that played along the seawall by the Brotheresses' home. These early observa-

continued



Keepsake®

THE ENGAGEMENT RING WITH THE PERFECT CENTER DIAMOND



JEWELRY \$575
40-6000 Ring 40-9



PERFECT \$495
8000-8000 Ring 40



MISLENA \$895
8000-8000 Ring 40-9



WEDDING \$295
8000-8000 Ring 40-9

True beauty is expressed in the elegant fashion styling of every Keepsake® diamond engagement ring. Each setting is a masterpiece of design, reflecting the full brilliance and beauty of the center diamond... a perfect gem of flawless clarity, fine color and meticulous modern cut.

Authorized Keepsake Jewelers may be listed in the Yellow Pages. Visit one in your area and choose from many beautiful styles, each with the name "Keepsake" in the ring and on the tag.

HOW TO BE SURE WHEN BUYING A DIAMOND RING
Please send **free** booklet, "Choosing Your Diamond Ring," to help me get more value for my money... also, for my fiancé, send colorful new booklet "How to Plan Your Engagement and Wedding."

Name

Address

City Co. State

KEEPSAKE DIAMOND RINGS - SYRACUSE 2, N. Y.

5 940







mascots

slacks with built-in stain protection

There's an air of victory about the men who show up in these versatile **h.i.s.** slacks protected by "SCOTCHGARD" Brand Stain Repeller, the remarkable finish that stops stains before they start. McCampbell's 100% cotton in (L-R) **Post-Grad Model** with traditional belt loops, regular pockets and cuffs, 28 to 42... **Trimster Model** with extension waistband, narrow legs tapered to 14" bottom, 28 to 38... **Piper Model**, low-riding slacks with no belt or cuffs, 28 to 42... **Natural Model** with extra low rise, extra-tapered, pleatless front, cuffless, 28 to 38. All available in bone, pewter, loden, black, navy, elephant brown, mallard blue. About \$5.95 each. Thanks to "SCOTCHGARD" Repeller, they shrug off stains. Even oily ones blot away. Most stains forced into the weave wash out or spot clean without leaving a ring. Slacks stay newer, neater longer.

One or more of these "MASCOT" slacks by **h.i.s.** are available at these and other fine stores:

Atlanta, Geo. Muns, Baltimore, The Night Co. and branches Baton Rouge, D. H. Holmes Co. Ltd., Boston, Filene's, Jordan Marsh Co. Town & Campus Shop, Buffalo, Hess & Kelly, Jacob Bros. Inc. and branches, Chicago, Carson Pirie Scott & Co., Maurice L. Rothchild and branches, Cincinnati, Mahley & Carow, Max Seashy Shop, Cleveland, The May Co. and branches, Dallas, Joe K. Wilson Co., Reynolds-Pentecost, Detroit, Hughes-Hatcher-Sullivan, Houston, Redway's Indianapolis, I. S. Ayres & Co., The Men's Block Co., Kansas City, Macy's-McKie Division, Philadelphia and branches, Los Angeles, Harms & Frank-Southern California, Memphis, Goldsmith's 1-2-3 Shop, Julius Levy Milwaukee, Thrift-a-lair stores, Scherz-Orlow - all stores, Minneapolis, Densmore & Selden, Tulsa, Powell Store for Men, New Orleans, D. H. Holmes Co. Ltd., Madison Shop, New York, Sherm's, Men's 501 Shop-Brooklyn and branches, Sherm's & Straus-Brooklyn and branches, Carl's-Jamaica and branches Philadelphia, Ltd. Bros.-Wilow Grove & Oregon Ave., The Arrow Store-Reading-Terment, Pittsburgh, Joseph Horne Co., The Coach House, Providence, The Outlet Co. & Garden City, Haver Hill Men's Store, Richmond, Sherm's Men's-Boys' Clothing & Petersburg, Rochester, The Indiscent and branches Jack Green Men's Shop, St. Louis, Dorn's Men's Shops, Famous-Barr Dept. Shops and branches, St. Paul, Dimenstein's-Golden Rule, San Diego, Harms & Frank-all stores, San Francisco, The Emporium, Northern California, Seattle, Ben Marche and branches Spokane, Ben Marche and branches Tacoma, Ben Marche and branches Washington, D. C., The Becht Co., Sherm's Men's Clothes Inc.

Scotchgard
STAIN REPELLER 3M

Drive happily ever after with an INA Auto Policy

This Very Adult Fable from Insurance Company of North America tells how!



One night, as Cinderella was on her way to a palace ball, her coach hit a bump and came undone. Unruffled, Cinderella emerged from the coach ...



...and calmly studied the situation. Then she suddenly remembered her coach was covered by an INA Auto policy, a thrifty Package of protection.



"Yes!" cried the INA agent, materializing in a flash of light. And without another word, the INA man went to work, fixing everything, even her slipper.



Then he reminded Cinderella that INA auto rates can save plenty for careful drivers. So with all legal speed, Cinderella hastened to the palace.



There Cinderella met and married and lived happily ever after with the handsome prince (who looked amazingly like the INA agent, a prince forsooth).



Moral: Be sure, insure with INA. Just phone your INA agent or broker about a thrifty INA Package Auto policy. Driving happily ever after is fun!

trons led to deeper study which, in turn, led her to write and illustrate a book called *Ra-00 and the Porpoise*, about a small boy lost at sea who is adopted by a band of porpoises. The boy becomes a sort of seagoing Tarzan, taking long ocean trips with his porpoise friends.

This doesn't seem so farfetched after seeing Betty, a beautiful swimmer, tearing around the big pool clinging to Dal's dorsal. The porpoise shows manifest eagerness as Betty approaches the pool and squeaks in obvious appeals for her to return to the water when she climbs out. "It's like trying to talk in two different languages," Betty said, sitting on the small deck while Dal squeaked in the pool. "Dal is trying to communicate with me by her signals, and I am trying to get her to respond to my talk. There are a few sounds she makes that I have come to know. When she goes 'pooooeeep' that's 'follow me.' When she makes that 'hup' sound, I know I have to take a quick breath because we are going to dive in a hurry. We're trying to relate the thoughts and the sounds. I speak to her both in the air and underwater. I don't know how I sound to her underwater, but it sounds awfully bubbly to me."

The way a porpoise sounds to a hu-

man depends upon which frequency it is operating on. Many of the sounds are beyond range of the human ear. By means of its sonar equipment, a blindfolded porpoise—so the scientists in their oceanariums have proved—can thread a maze without touching the obstacles and can even detect one fish from another. In the friendly relationship of Betty and her porpoise in the pool, efforts at communication are a little different. "When she has her sonar on it sounds like the clicking of sticks together," said Betty, glancing toward Dal who, at the moment, was emitting a series of high-pitched squeaks beyond the ken of man.

"I've had a saddle horse and all kinds of dogs," Betty went on, "but there is no comparison. A porpoise is more like a friend. I've had a horse look at me and then deliberately step on my foot. I always feel safer with her than with a horse, and she's a wild animal. When she pulls me in the water we come close to the rocks in the pool, but she never brushes me against them. She has 88 teeth and jaws 16 inches long, but I never have any fear."

Dal, who has gained 30 to 40 pounds and four or five inches in length in the year that Betty has owned her, is 6½ feet

(continued)



HOLDING ON TO DAL'S NECK, BETTY BROTHERS WAITS FOR A "HUP" OR A "PEEEEEEP"

AT THE GAME



you're more comfortable in

Wigwam SOCKS

WIGWAM HILLS, INC., 1000111 Ave. 140
IN CANADA: Henson Mills Ltd., 1401, Quebec
for every sport and everyday wear. Tel. 1

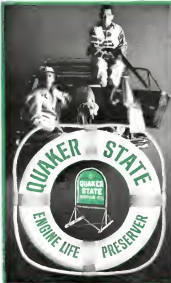


HOW MANY TO GO?

No matter how many, they will let you know well in advance. But when it's time to renew your subscription, don't forget that the longer it runs, the more you save.

TRY NEW
KAYWOODIE
PIPE TOBACCO
YOU'LL LIKE IT

Send for free sample and pipe booklet, Kaywoodie Pipe, R. P. 22



Hunting for the best motor oil your money can buy? It's Quaker State! Refined only from 100% pure Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil, years-ahead Quaker State keeps your car on the road, out of the repair shop, and saves you money. Always ask for Quaker State Motor Oil by name—the best engine life preserver.

QUAKER STATE
AN EXXON CORPORATION
P.O. BOX 100, PITTSBURGH, PA 15224

NATURE continued

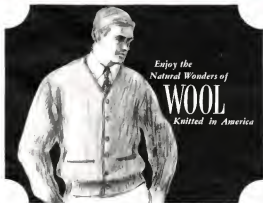
long. She has great power, and if she did not have a sophisticated attitude toward Betty their play would be impossible. For that matter, while a protective attitude toward man is a curious trait of porpoises, there is no doubt that they can do lusty battle with an enemy. The porpoises at Menneland in Florida attacked a pilot whale that was housed in their pool while quarters were being prepared for it. They beat up the whale so thoroughly that it died as a result.

In contrast, Betty's pet porpoise plays not only with her but with children. When half a dozen youngsters were visiting the Brothers, the porpoise played so long and so strenuously that she became overtired. Fatigue, however, didn't make her ill-natured. She just went off her feed for a couple of days. "She's only 3 years old, and like any kid she overdid it," Betty said.

If porpoises do become familiar household pets—and Betty is certain that they will—porpoise foods may come to have commercial importance, like dog foods. Feeding a pet porpoise requires somewhat special preparations. Dal is fed twice a day, a total of 12 pounds of fish. Porpoises have definite preferences in fish. They must be conditioned to eating fish that have been frozen. Having been netted on the west coast of Florida by Milton Santini, a professional porpoise catcher, Dal preferred the black mullet that abounded in her home waters. But now she likes silver mullet, and the jack and trout that are caught fresh—and then frozen—for her. "I always freeze them first, because I feel that freezing gets rid of a lot of parasites the fish have," Betty explained. "We are careful with her food, and I don't give her anything that I wouldn't eat myself."

Already there are a few other private porpoises around. Pedro Braxton, a fisherman on Key Largo, keeps one. Some recreational parks and motels have acquired them to entertain their customers. "It is becoming a status symbol," Betty said, returning Dal's perpetual toothy smile. Private pools big enough for porpoises to frolic in are becoming numerous. Skin diving is so popular these days that hosts of people would feel at home with an aquatic pet. Certainly many of those who watch the small woman and the porpoise playing so gaily in the sunlit pool beside the sea voice a wish at the sight. They wish they could have a porpoise, too.

END



Enjoy the
Natural Wonders of

WOOL

Knitted in America

Quintessential Wool with the American Wool Culture. WO 6662

Playboy's forte—winning position on a fast track. THE HORSE MANE Rib knitted Cardigan in softest wool and mohair—with wool's true affinity for changing weather conditions. About 15.00

At these correct stores or write Himalaya:

Wear • New York • New York • Bambergs • Newark • New Jersey • J. L. Hudson • Detroit • Mich • Folson • Boston • Mass •
Hugbo • Cleveland • Ohio • Nelson's • Sag Shop • Akron • Ohio • Berkeley Square • Pasadena • California • The Campus Shop
Grosse Pointe • Michigan • Fred Brown • Knoxville • Tennessee • Armstrong's • Cedar Rapids • Iowa

himalaya
300 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

Smart Idea! All-transistor portable on wheels



MOTOROLA

new leader in the lively art of electronics

New all-transistor Motorola Stereo-Troubador has a built-in mobile cart ...and magnificent sound.

If you want true high-fidelity stereo sound . . . and easy portability, too, this is the set for you. It has a built-in mobile cart, entire unit "folds away", stores in a closet, wheels easily from room to room.

The 10-transistor amplifier delivers 28 watts of instantaneous peak power output, enough to reproduce your fa-

vorite music with all the beauty and richness it was meant to have. Three separate speaker systems with 6 matched and balanced speakers reproduce the full frequency range from 20 to 20,000 cps. Speaker wings separate up to 20 feet for remarkable stereo separation and clarity.

Other features include: separate treble, bass, loudness and balance controls; diamond stylus; and Golden Stereo 3000 automatic record changer with Feather-Touch tone arm.

A companion model all-

transistor portable, the SP53, is available without cart. Same power and most of the same features at a lower price. See and hear both at your Motorola dealer's.



MOTOROLA

Specifications subject to change without notice.

The Deane of the amateurs wins again

An intense young businessman named Beman gets his second National Amateur title, but it takes all the studious concentration he has to fend off an up-from-the-public-links college boy in the final match

Reality has a persistent way about it. It can flatten even the most promising of fairy tales. It did exactly that last week on the roller-coaster fairways and slippery greens of the Wakonda country club in Des Moines during the 63rd National Amateur golf championship. Deane Beman, the very tough-minded little 1960 winner from Bethesda, Md., defeated Dick Sikes, the likable former Amateur Public Links champion from

Springdale, Ark., 2 up with one hole to play, just when the latter's improbable story seemed about to reach a climax.

Two years ago Beman, at 23, was working hard to prosper in the insurance business and already was a golfer with a solid international reputation. He had won the 1959 British Amateur and the 1960 U.S. Amateur and had been named to play on two Walker Cup teams.

Two years ago Sikes, at 21, was just

one of a fatherless family of nine children, struggling hard to scrape through the University of Arkansas on a partial golf scholarship. That summer he went to Detroit for the National Amateur Public Links Championship. At Detroit, Sikes was central casting's version of what the perfect public-links golfer should be. He was a skinny kid who survived on soda pop and peanuts. Throughout the tournament he carried his own golf bag, a meager canvas receptacle that looked like it had been salvaged from the darkest corner of the cellar. In the bag he had not one but three putters, and he putted so sensationally with each that he won the tournament.

The following year, Sikes, who prefers to be called R. H. (for Richard Horace) became only the second player in the Public Links tournament's 40-year history to win twice in a row. From that point on, international golfing doors flew open like starting gates at a horse race. He went to Japan and Great Britain on U.S. teams. He came to Des Moines early this month, after winning the National Collegiate championship in June, to play on the U.S. Americas Cup team against Canada and Mexico. This automatically qualified him for his third try at the U.S. Amateur title. Sikes was still the polite young man of two years before, but now he had some pose, some polish and a caddy to carry his large kangaroo-leather golf bag. To complete this success story, he only needed to win the National Amateur, something no public-links golfer had ever done. He came very close. Raised in the hardpan and hard-scrabble school of public golf courses, he had developed a devastating short game and an uncanny putting technique. This involved first using his putter as a plumb bob to determine his line, then kneeling down like a giant praying mantis to inspect the situation from that angle, then circling neatly to the



SOMBER WINNER DEANE BEMAN TURNED THE TOURNAMENT INTO A LABOR OF LOVE

Kick up your heels!

A Dial bath makes you feel chipper all day, by golly.

It figures. Nothing else has AT-7, so nothing else takes care of bacteria
(the cause of perspiration odor, you know) like Dial soap.

Like they say, people who like people like Dial. You too?



Aren't you
glad you use
Dial Soap!



(don't you wish everybody did?)

left and finally stepping up to the ball and hitting it, often as not into the hole. These skills took him past seven opponents last week and into the finals against Deane Beman.

Beman is a different kind of player. He works very hard on a golf course at all times because he is quite small—5 feet 7, 150 pounds—and gets very little distance. He is laboring, and it shows. He has developed a smooth, highly effective putting stroke, however, and his short game is as good as any pro's. The 36-hole final between Beman and Sikes promised to be one of the Amateur Championship's great putting duels. So—another fairy tale flattened—it turned out to be nothing of the sort.

At the end of 13 holes Saturday morning, Sikes's long game, not his putting, had brought him a three-hole lead, and he was playing so soundly that it seemed this margin would surely increase. The fact that it did not was more a testimony to Beman's astonishing resilience than to any weakening by Sikes. Beman had been playing a faltering, cautious version of his usually aggressive game, but now he began to attack.

"I just started to hit the ball better," he said later. "It wasn't that I changed my strategy or anything like that. It was more that I caught a sense of the urgency of *having* to hit the ball better." Urgent he was, as he won four straight holes with three birdies and a par to serve the lead at the end of 18.

After the lunch break Sikes evened the match by making his only good putt of the day, a 12-footer, on the 8th green. But that was the last time Sikes was really in the game. Beman parred the 10th hole to go 1 up. He then supplied the *coup de grâce* with a birdie on 14. Sikes tried to catch up, but he missed putts of 15, 20 and 10 feet on the next three holes and was beaten.

It had decidedly not been a putter's day. Beman had nine one-putt greens in the 35 holes played, but only two were longer than six feet. Sikes fared far worse. He had 10 putts in the 10- to 15-foot range, but only made one of them.

The 1963 final provided two excellent young golfers in a tough, hard-fought match, but it generated such limited excitement—only 75 spectators were on hand when Beman and Sikes teed off—that an interesting question arises: Can the Amateur Championship survive as a major event at a time when the tremendous boom in the professional side of the sport has pushed the amateurs so

spectators, but it is well attended by players. Early in the week we have more players than spectators, and this is just fine. We feel that the Amateur is purely a players' tournament, not a spectators' tournament."

Lean, 39-year-old Charlie Coe, the 1949 and 1958 Amateur winner who lost a semifinal match with Sikes on the 35th hole last week, agrees that the Amateur is not slipping, even if its public reputation is.

"There are more people playing golf, amateur golf, all the time," he says. "I doubt if professional golf will ever seriously riddle the ranks of the good amateur players. Arnold Palmer and Jack Nicklaus might be able to make a lot of money out of playing golf, but they are exceptional cases. I'll admit when I was younger I gave that phase of golf a thought, but not much of one. I'm like a lot of others. I like to enjoy life, take it easy, know what I'm going to be doing the next day. You can't do that when you're playing a lot of tournament golf."

Deane Beman, while he is hardly one to take life easy, is exactly the type of player that Joe Dey and Charlie Coe have in mind when they say that the supply of fine amateurs will not run dry. This year Beman has entered few events. "I simply haven't had the time to play," he says. "But I was hitting the ball well when I came here. What I forced myself to do was to concentrate extra hard."

When it came time to accept the big, gold winner's trophy, his concentration was still apparent. In fact, he did not seem unduly elated. But his pretty brunette wife, Miriam, was on the verge of tears.

"I know how much this really means to Deane," she said. "Much more than winning the first time. He's working up to 18 hours a day on his business now, but he has tried so hard to keep his golf game in shape. It was awfully hard. I was serving dinner plenty of times at 11 o'clock at night."

"But it's worth it," she added, clapping her hands gleefully. "Think how nice that gold trophy will look back on our marble coffee table again."

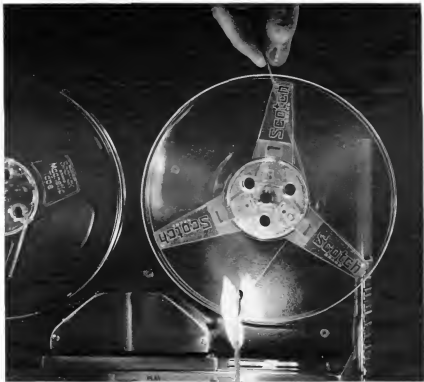
END



PLUME-BOBBING WITH PUTTER DID NOT HELP LOSER SIKES

much out of the limelight? Is the Amateur losing its prestige?

"With the general sporting public, yes," says Joseph C. Dey, the highly efficient executive director of the United States Golf Association. "I hear people ask, 'Who is the Amateur champion?' This is a question that never would have been voiced back when Bob Jones and Francis Ouimet were playing. But among people who play and really know the game, there is an opposite trend. The Amateur gets more and more entries every year, currently close to 2,000. The tournament may be poorly attended by



NEW! A tape reel that threads itself!

(even in the dark!)

Just lay recording tape inside this new reel and start your recorder. This exclusive new **SCOTCH® BRAND Self-Threading Reel** holds tape firmly, but gently, as recorder starts—actually threads up automatically. No hooks, no slots, no attachments—no tape fumbles. This reel does away with thread-up problems. (You wouldn't really need the light of a match to use it!) Now, this reel is offered as a take-up reel for only 39¢ in a special offer from the granddaddy of all tape-makers, 3M.

New reel threads up with all tape thicknesses or with leader tape. Tape rewinds off reel freely and easily. Solid sides protect tape against dust and damage. Reel comes complete with

write-on labels and snap-tight plastic collar that seals reel edges against dust, makes reel self-storing without a box.

SPECIAL OFFER SAVES \$1.11! Now, you can have one of these new "Scotch" Self-Threading reels (\$1.50 value) as a take-up reel for only 39¢ with the purchase of three regular 7" reels of a wide variety of "Scotch" BRAND Recording Tape. Ask your dealer for the special package, shown below. And for an expandable, gold-plated tape rack (\$4.95 value) that holds up to 40 reels, send the tabs from three "Scotch" Recording Tapes, together with \$2.50, to 3M Magnetic Products Division, Dept. MDL-93, St. Paul 19, Minn.



Lay in tape . . . start recorder . . . watch reel thread itself!

Magnetic
Products
Division

3M
COMPANY



Picking the week's tough ones

Boston College over Syracuse. The attack-minded Eagles are primed for the year's first big upset. Quarterback Jack Concannon's passing will give it to them over landlocked Syracuse.

Navy over West Virginia. West Virginia's hopes for an unbeaten season will be early. Roger Staubach and that fast Navy backfield will outpace and outstep the Mountaineers.

Miami over Florida State. The lusty, young Seminoles have the muscle to worry Miami, but the Hurricanes have George Mira—and his passing should be more than enough to win.

Auburn over Houston. The Cougars are in over their heads. Auburn's quick, hard defense and a collection of speedy backs will smother improved but perhaps overly ambitious Houston.

TCU over Kansas. Despite a problem at quarterback the Frogs have the line and the runners for Coach Abe Murkin's power game. Kansas has the backs, too, but lacks experience up front.

Oklahoma over Clemson. Stickness, precision and some very good ball players are back at Oklahoma, a combination too tough for battle-tested Clemson, one of the South's better teams.

Northwestern over Missouri. Mazzoni lost too many of last year's forces to be ready this early for the likes of Northwestern's Tom Myers and the big hard-hitting Wildcat line.

Arizona over Utah State. Arizona's hungry Wildcats are strongest where it counts the most—in the line. They will win if they can stop Utah State's aggressive passing game.

Pitt over UCLA. Pitt has faster backs, a stronger interior line, more depth and a new offensive look. The Bruins of UCLA are still learning the intricacies of the T formation.

Penn State over Oregon. Coach Rip Engle's Nittany Lions cannot match Oregon's splendid Mel Renfro, but their defense is sturdy enough to see them past the free-running Webfoots.

OTHER GAMES

ARIZONA STATE OVER NIGHT
DUKE OVER SOUTH CAROLINA
KENTUCKY OVER VIRGINIA TECH
MARYLAND OVER NC STATE
MISSISSIPPI OVER MEMPHIS STATE

S. CAROLINA OVER VIRGINIA
OHIO OVER BUFFALO
OREGON STATE OVER UTAH
TEXAS TECH OVER WASH. ST.
WASHINGTON OVER AIR FORCE

LAST SEASON'S RECORD

637 RIGHT, 66 WRONG, 11 TIE. AVERAGE: 654

The reason? More top photographers use Nikon than any other 35, and more of them use the Nikon F than any other 35mm reflex. In photography as in sports, take the lead from the pros. See the

Nikon F at your camera dealer, or write for details to Dept. 51-9, NIKON Incorporated, 111 Fifth Avenue, New York 3, New York. Subsidiary of Ehrenreich Photo-Optical Industries, Incorporated.



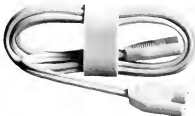
The truly great action pictures are generally Nikon

Nikon Photo by Walter Smith, Jr.





You say I don't need a cord.



**Then you show me a cord.
How come?**

Let's be clear right from the start. The REMINGTON® LEKTRONIC II is a cordless shaver. Let's say you shave indoors, outdoors, anywhere.

What does it? Sealed-in rechargeable energy cells. These deliver power for shave after cordless shave. Now, about the cord. Let's say you forget to recharge. Plug in the cord and shave on the spot. The LEKTRONIC II has other features.

348 cutting edges. These are made of surgical high carbon steel. They're harder, stay sharper longer than stainless steel. Honed on an angle, they slice whiskers off instead of "ploughing" them up.

The shaving head. It's man-size. Covers more area in less time. 756 slots feed whiskers to cutters at an alarming rate (for the whiskers, that is).

On top of the shaver head are 4 Roller

Combs. They adjust to any type of skin and beard. They roll skin down, pop whiskers up into the cutters. Clean. Comfortable.

Add all this up, and it shouldn't surprise you that the REMINGTON LEKTRONIC II may cost you a little more than other shavers. It simply gives you a better shave.

REMINGTON LEKTRONIC II

LEKTRONIC is a trademark of Remington & Co. Corporation.
© 1978 Remington & Co. Corporation, Springfield, MA 01105





ONE WONDERFUL CONCH IS THIS MIRA

BY JOHN UNDERWOOD

Everything is George in Miami, where George Mira is everything, including the best quarterback in college football. Key Westers are more smug. They say he has py-asso, and they still love him.

CONTINUED

IF
A FINER TIMEPIECE
CAN BE MADE
WE'LL MAKE IT!



GALLET CHRONOGRAPH

Gallet, world renowned for their precision movements, presents this new multi-purpose, calendar chronograph. Shows day, date, month, 30 minute register, 12 hour indicator with time set feature, in a water resistant steel case. At fine prices only \$350-\$375.50. For free booklet, "Guide to the newest selection of a timer or chronograph," write to:

Julius
RACINE
& Company, Inc.
20 WEST 47th ST., N. Y. C.

AALBORG AKVAVIT
THE NATIONAL DRINK OF DENMARK



"There is
nothing
like
a Dane..."



for great new drinks like:
Danish Mary, Danish Bull,
Hamlet, Copenhagen!

Imported by National Distillers Products Co.,
New York 36 prod. 100% grain neutral spirits

GEORGE MIRA

In Key West, Fla., the other day a barber named Onelio Alvarez got so lathered up by a customer's suggestion that George Mira of the University of Miami might not be the greatest quarterback in the history of football that he chased the customer into the street and advised him furthermore to stay away until he learned to keep a civil tongue. Onelio bought a new car last fall for no better reason than to make weekend trips to Miami to see Mira play, and when he is not accosting customers he is closing up early to assure himself enough time to get to the Orange Bowl. Mira's older brother, Jimmy, will not go near Alvarez' shop unless nature demands it for fear he will have to spend 30 minutes catching Onelio up on George's adventures at the university. "George," said Jimmy, "is costing Onelio money."

Meanwhile, life in Key West goes on as usual. Armando Rodriguez, known as G.L., gets into the U.S. Naval Base, where he works, with an identification card that has George Mira's picture pasted over his own. An exclusive autographed picture of Mira hangs on Alvarez' barbershop wall, and on the walls of grocery stores, department stores and beaneries all over town. Eager-beaver City Commissioners Ismael (Terry Lee) Garcia and John (Will Rogers) DePoo have finally lived down their live-it-up trip to Philadelphia for the 1961 Liberty Bowl game, a journey they made at taxpayers' expense with flowery summer shirts on their backs and conch shells and sponges under their arms. "There was the devil to pay," says one native. "Everybody knew they just wanted to see George play—which was all right—but they kept telling us how they were going to get on national TV with those shells and things to boost Key West tourism, and they didn't, of course, and then while they were in Philadelphia they had to go and get themselves lost. My Lord."

Key West is strong for naming streets after its favorite people. Truman Avenue feeds into Roosevelt Boulevard, which intersects Kennedy Drive, which is flanked by Eisenhower Drive. The latter is a pretense at bipartnership. Key West

has been irredeemably Democratic since 1832. But George Mira Street was just a temporary honor, a part of George Mira Day fun in December, and the red point is now flaking away to reveal the true identity of Pucker Street, the ancestral enclave of the teeming Mira family. "It's all right if Mira Street goes," said a neighbor. "Then we can always name the Overseas Highway after George." Royal Castle, a chain of popular 15¢-hamburger joints, opened a shiny new hutch on Roosevelt Boulevard last month, and George was to be flown down by charter from Miami, where he was in summer school, to cut the ribbon. "I can see it now," chipped K. Don Williams, a close friend of Mira's who thinks naturally in headlines. "KFY WISH HOT DOG, TRIP TO ROYAL CASTLE HAMBURGER." But Mira could not make it, so Miami Coach Andy Gustafson was flown in as the second luminary. Gustafson has not been much else since Mira passed into his life, but he swallows his pride with a sack of his pipe, knowing all the while that what he really is swallowing is the canary. "We were in Paris this summer, my wife and I," Gustafson says, "and we were having trouble with those Paris cab drivers. You know, blank stares. I saw this American MP and I called him over for help. I told him I was Coach Andy Gustafson of the University of Miami. 'Miami?' He shouted it. 'Mister, you sure got yourself one helluva quarterback.' I told him I sure knew it."

George Gustafson was made Miami's athletic director in March and could have quit coaching this year to enjoy the sanctity away from his critics, who persist despite his 11 winning seasons in 15 years at Miami. But after carefully thinking it over for seven seconds he elected to coach one more year, or until Mira's eligibility runs out. "I've got the best quarterback I've ever had, the best passer I've ever seen," he said. "Retirement can wait."

Not all coaches believe Mira is that much of a something, of course. Some

are retarded. Those who have seen him play resort to exclamation points. "Fantastic!" said TCU's Abe Martin. "Fantastic!" said LSU's Charles McLendon. "Incredible!" said Northwestern's Art Passighian. More expansively, "He's the greatest passer I ever saw in college," said Nebraska's Bob Devaney. Devaney's team was riddled for 323 yards by Mira's passes in the Gotham Bowl last winter. "In the first half," said Devaney, "we crashed our ends, thinking we could contain him. We couldn't. In the second half I told our defense, 'Whenever that monkey looks like he's going to pass, throw up your hands and yell out!'"

"Having Mira is like having a coach on the field," said Ben Martin of the Air Force Academy. "He's Willie Mays in a football uniform—electrifying!" said Maryland's Tom Nugent. The most glibest man in football when he's cornered? "Mira completed four passes in a row to accomplish 73 yards and the touchdown that beat Maryland 28-24 in the last four minutes. Nugent almost died. 'We gave him the short stuff,' he lamented. 'What else could we do?'"

In a private poll of the 22 head scouts of the American and National football leagues, 13 selected Mira as the college quarterback they would draft No. 1 among those who will play this year. The plurality is astounding because this will be a chuck-full-of-names season of Namaths, Trulls, Beathards, Staubachs and Shuners, and because pro scouts take pride in their ability to come up with somebody different. Minnesota Viking Coach Norm Van Brocklin saw Mira throw four touchdown passes in the Miami spring game and while fishing alone off Marathon the next day tried to think of all the quarterbacks in the AFL who could throw better. "I gave up," he said. "There were none."

Miami Publicist George Gullet, who can put out a release faster than he can say "George Mira" on seven All-America teams last year, issued a special 16-page booklet on *The Amazing George Mira*. In it he chronicled Mira's two years at Miami: 3,232 yards of total offense, 20 touchdown passes—and

guaranteed conclusively that Mira's only fault is that he thinks he is 6 feet tall. Mira is barely 5 feet 11—pro scouts know it and wish he were taller—but Mira says he is 6 feet, he wants to be 6 feet, and Gullet cannot conceive of his failing. He lists Mira at 6 feet, 180 pounds.

The booklet tells, further, how Mira can throw passes sidearm (when too slow to throw overarm), left-handed (the winning touchdown against Florida in 1961 when his right hand was being occupied by a charging end) and can even catch his own—which he did with a pass that rebounded off a TCU lineman in 1962. Gullet will not say Mira cannot be tackled, but he suggests that it is an achievement worth remembering. "Listen," says the publicist. "Alabama was after him all day on Tuscaloosa last year, chasing him out of the pocket and round and round every time he tried to pass. He always got the ball away. Finally in the fourth quarter they put him down. You should have heard the crowd. It was like a great war had ended."

George Ignacio Mira is called *El Matador* by Miami sportswriters, who fancy his Spanish good looks and supple, flat belly grace, dark skin, flashing teeth, ears that stick straight out and eyebrows that appear to have been laid on by an asphalt paver. He is strong and well developed. His hands are huge. Newsmen find him attentive and eager to please. "I want to see how I run?" he asks a photographer. He is a splendidly confident, natural athlete: a good enough baseball pitcher to have been offered \$15,000 to sign with the Baltimore Orioles after he won 31 of 33 games for Key West High. He is convinced he can do anything. After they played together, Miami Gulf Pro Bob Tusk told him he could be an excellent golfer. Later Mira announced to Hall back Nick Spinelli, "I've made up my mind. I'm going to be a professional golfer. There's big money in it." Spinelli says Mira has a new and more glamorous career lined up every month.

For all his self-assurance, Mira is a worrier who will gnaw his fingernails until they bleed. As a veteran of psychon-

TITLEIST



BETTER THAN

8-1

FAVORITE
AMONG TOP
AMATEURS

At the 1962 USGA Open, Mira finished 1st in the 18-hole playoff. He was the only amateur to finish in the top 10. He was also the only amateur to finish in the top 10 in the 36-hole playoff.

145 PLAYED TITLEIST

1	PLAYED THE 1962
1	7 KEE THE 1962
10	PLAYED THE 1962
11	PLAYED THE 1962

ACUSHNET GOLF BALLS

SOLD THRU GOLF COURSE PRO SHOPS ONLY



MODERN

WATERPROOF LEATHER BOOTS

FOR CAMPUS LEADERS



Treated with
SYL-MER
Silicones

- The leather of these versatile boots is protected by SYL-MER® brand silicones. The Dow Corning treatment that keeps water out, lets air in.
- Popular Wellington style, in black.
- Power-Bond nail-free sole construction prevents seepage of dampness and moisture.
- Fully cushioned, fully leather lined.
- Choice of soles: Hypalon® resists grease, oil and acids, out-wears uppers. Or leather, treated to keep feet dry in wet conditions.
- #7971 with Hypalon® soles.
- #7970 with leather soles.
- Width D, 8 to 13; Width E, 8 to 11.
- Available at all Montgomery Ward retail stores and in Ward catalog.

\$17.99

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED
or your money back

GEORGE MIRA

drine he is forever in search of a new disease to try his symptoms on. Miami Trainer Dave Wike has special sugar pills that cure Mira of heartburn, heat-stroke and cancer. (George says this story is exaggerated.) He is afraid of no man and every airplane. He takes pills to put him to sleep when he flies.

Once on the football field his apprehensions vanish. He thinks there is no power like the vested power of a quarter-back, and when he believes he is right ("which he is, 90% of the time," says the unhesitating Gustafson) he has been known to tell tackles how to tackle, kickers how to kick and coaches how to coach. He does this with reasonable aplomb, being an education major and a man turned 21. "It's applied psychology," he says. "You don't just tell a kid he can't put crayon on the wall, you tell him why, if you know—you know."

Long ago, when George was very young, 16 or so, he made a reputation in athletic contests for applying psychology with his fists, and with his feet, too, if he could work them in. "But George has reformed," says his very pretty bride of last June, Regina, though she is not sure exactly what he reformed from, because George can show just cause for every low-down foe he ever smashed.

The social George Mira is airy and theatrical and not above asking Miami Sportswriter Luther Evans to please quit using a certain picture of him in the *Miami Herald* because it is a poor likeness. When he alighted from the plane on his second trip to New York, he held his arms out to encompass the city and said, "This is my town!" He could hardly wait to get to Tiffany's, because teammate Loo Lillimargi told him it had "a lot of expensive things I oughta see."



GATHERED AROUND at sometime to discuss their favorite subject, whose mug? Looks from the wall and beams from atop the TV at

the Mira in his room, the lands below is Uncle Armando (foreground) tells the latest George Mira story. From the left are George's brother

"ORLON®" GIVES WORSTED fabrics richness plus remarkable crease-retention and wrinkle-resistance. Add expert tailoring by Haggard... the result is famous Haggard Forecast Slacks. You can't beat them for easy care, luxurious comfort, lasting neatness and perfect fit. Flannels and other fine fabrics in plain front and pleated models. At better stores everywhere.

©DuPont's registered trademark.

10⁹⁵

HAGGARD
Slacks

THEY AREN'T BOTTEN - NATURALLY

Doug Ford, famous golf pro, wears Haggard Slacks of 70% "Orlon" acrylic 30% worsted wool.

GEORGE MIRA

filling glasses with iced tea or limeade, your choice. All available space in the house is dominated by trophies, pictures and plaques of George, as the talk is dominated by stories of George.

A normal gathering will include brothers Jimmy Jr., who quarterbacked the Key West High team before George, and Joe, 17, who is quarterback there now and who is, by George's estimate, an extremely enviable 6 feet 1" sisters Rosie and Sylvia; and a fluctuating number of uncles, "each one a little bigger and a little better-looking," says Jimmy Sr. There are Uncle Humbert, Uncle Armando, Uncle Joe and Uncle Manuel, known as Crazy Cohan. (Key Westers are passionate nicknamers. They are responsible for grown men being called Old Ropes, Two-by-four, Flea Trainer, Bring Back My Hammer and Stinky Mitchell, but George Mira was never anything but George.) Finally, the sunlight is blocked by a great figure at the door. He and his mustache are the biggest of all. This is Uncle Mario, who distributes beer. He can balance a full bottle on his tongue and will flip it to you if you are dry.

Humbert and Jimmy Sr. are former Key West golf champions and have found, like Toski, that George is some hot golf prospect. "He cheats, you know," says Jimmy Sr. "You've got to watch him. He runs after the ball. Says he's got to get there fast so he can get in two or three practice swings, but how do I know what he's doing up there by himself?"

Jimmy Sr. admits all the stories about George's temper are true, but you have to understand that "George's got to win every time. George doesn't believe in second." Since George became a college man, says Jimmy, his self-control is remarkable. By contrast, he recalls a Key West High basketball game in which an opponent on a Miami team was giving him a lot of hands. When both teams and the referees turned away after one basket, Mira, as a matter of course, stopped and decked his man with one punch, then trotted casually downcourt and set up on defense.

When his baseball team was beaten in the finals of the state tournament,

— JAMES H. HARRIS

If Napoleon had worn
 Kings Men After Shave
 Lotion, Josephine would have wanted him home
 oftener. He wouldn't have started all those wars that
 killed all those people and destroyed all those cities.

MORAL:
PREVENT WAR!

USE:
KINGS MEN[®]

If you just want an after shave that freshens the face, re-
 news tight skin, soothes stings, heals nicks, kills in-
 ferious bacteria, and stops razor rash, Kings Men After Shave
 Lotion is good for that, too. Kings Men—with the new mas-
 culine fragrance.

AFTER SHAVE LOTION • PRE-ELECTRIC LOTION • LUXURY SHAVE • STICK DEODORANT • SPRAY DEODORANT • HAIRDRESSING • COLOGNE
 ALSO AVAILABLE IN EUROPE



How to add up savings you don't think you have

Impossible? Not at all...when you discover your hidden savings power through 25/75, an exclusive Connecticut General technique.

This new idea helps you decide on the right financial balance for your spending — and your saving. It can help safeguard your present resources and create new ones. You will discover what your resources should and could be in the years to come. 25/75 works by helping

you pay yourself first and control the way you spend what is left. Importantly, you will determine the role of insurance in your over-all plan.

Learn about the positive, personal benefits of CG's exclusive 25/75. Call your Connecticut General agent or broker today. Connecticut General Life Insurance Company, Hartford.

Group Insurance • Pension Plans • Health • Accident • Life

CONNECTICUT GENERAL 

George ripped his hand trying to put a soap dash through the shower wall. "I fell," he explained. In one game he charged off the mound after an opponent who had made unkindly references to his Spanish lineage. In the stands Jimmy Sr., equally riled, spied a man he thought was chasing George while George was chasing the player. "George got his man in the dugout," said Jimmy. "I got mine, too." Mrs. Dolores Mira, a demure, hospitable woman, has been known to squelch her son's hecklers with a blazing "You shut up!"

Jimmy Mira never played a lick of football, but he watches the pro games on Sunday and jots down plays he thinks might work for George at Miami. He advises him to "get up quick anytime you get knocked down so nobody'll think you're hurt." He offers an alternative: "If you can't get up, turn over and show 'em some cleats." George complains that for all his good advice Pop would sooner hoist over than favor him with a word of praise. "After I've had a good game I rush home and challenge him. 'O.K., Pop, how about that one?'" and he reminds me that I fumbled once in the second quarter. "It sure makes him mad," says Jimmy Sr., cackling over his cunning, "but it also makes him try harder next time. He's already got enough people telling him how good he is."

Jimmy's best advice, uncles, brothers and sisters agree, was to set a \$30,000 premium on his son's baseball talent. There rages in George a desire to pitch in the big leagues, but Jimmy Sr., who never went to college, figured wisely that a college scholarship was worth at least \$30,000 in long-range returns. When no offer exceeded Baltimore's \$13,000, George packed his aspirin and was off to college to play football.

Mira chose Miami more out of convenience than conviction: it is a mere 150 miles on the weekends' bee-line from the Coral Gables campus down U.S. 1 to home, and Key Westers by nature always come home. They are called Conchs (rhymes with honks), after the prevalent tropical shellfish of

continued

Carter's Trimmers know how to keep a secret



Is there just a little bit too much of you around the waist? Don't tell a soul; just grab Carter's unique Trimmers. They'll keep you looking slimmer and trimmer every day. The wide-waist elastic takes inches off your waist. Immediately. Confidentially. Stomach and back muscles get firm, sure support. Get a lift from Carter's Trimmers. A new lease on life comes with them. And there's the added comfort of Carter's Neva-Vex supporter fly front. Don't wait, Slim.

Carter's

CARTER'S TRIMMERS \$2.00 AT NEW YORK: B. ALTMAN • "S" (SUNDAY) THE SAK CO. • VOL. KRÖNKA'S BOUTIQUE

Mr. Weber fights tooth and nail for balance

Weber pipes won't fight you. They rest lightly on the tooth. (A curved-stem Weber "bent" will even ride on a fingernail.) It's a delicate matter of cutting the bowl to balance the stem as perfectly as a pipetaker can make it. Weber briars from \$5. At good tobacconists.

Weber





Martini time is Lampighter time

"Light the lamp" with
Lampighter Gin. You'll see
martinis in a whole new light.
It's British dry!

DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN, 45% GRAIN
NEUTRAL SPIRITS ON PROOF (IMPORTED BY
WILKESON & ROBBINS, INC. N.Y.)
© 1985 W.R.



Is it that time of year



... When a special occasion is birthday, graduation, Father's Day, an anniversary (isn't far off? If so, you can celebrate it in a big way by sending a year-long gift of **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**. SI comes brand new every week—full of all the wonderful news, highlights, and anecdotes that make Sport so intriguing. Just send us the name and address of your friend (yours, too, please)...tell us how you wish the gift card signed. We can bill you later: \$7 for one gift; \$6 each if you order two; only \$5 each for three or more!

Sports Illustrated

Box 3408 540 North Michigan Avenue Chicago, IL 60611

GEORGE MIRA continued

the same name, but they are really homing pigeons.

Key West is a contented amalgam of Spanish and English peoples coerced into togetherness by geography. The city limits are locked in by water. The 40,000 inhabitants cluster together in narrow streets of white frame houses eave to eave, many of them needing paint. Definitely, Conchs are a charming people whose let-me-mind-your-business manners are put aside for celebrities like those whose names appear on their street signs. President Truman, once a frequent visitor, walked around town unannoyed and practically ignored. He loved it.

Conchs live at three-quarter speed and have at their taste's disposal some of the finer things in life: Spanish limes (they're tangy-sweet), sour-sop ice cream (sweet-er), *bollos*, pronounced boy-yos (they're hot), *mulletter*, pronounced moy-ver-tease (they're hotter), green turtle steak, guava duff and Duval Street on Saturday night. The Navy has always made good use of Duval Street, and vice versa. None of these things are available in such a package elsewhere, and they provide unmistakable magnetism. Key Westers who have gone off to live in Miami are known to come back periodically just for a bag of *bollos* and a dish of sour-sop ice cream.

Similarly, the Conch sports fan is a hopeless provincial whose heroes have never lost a game to an outside team—especially a *Miami* team—without being subject to trickery, terrible luck or terrible umpiring. Key West's best athletes never seem to stay gone long enough to make it big. But Mira and John (Hoog) Powell, Key West High, class of '60, are exceptions. Powell made it with the Orioles. Mira with the University of Miami. Key West was beside itself with pride: two big successes at one time! Powell, however, soon fell from grace. He told Pee Wee Reese on national television that he was really born in Lakeland, Fla. "Good Conchs will never forgive him," predicted Key Wester Williams. "That finished him here. But George, he's home-grown. He's black beans and well water. He's own."

The trace of an accent in Mira's speech is more Conch than Spanish. The Span-

ish-English fusion over the years has produced some highly pertinent phraseology, you could say, for example, that George Mira was cocky and quick-tempered as a high schooler, or you could say he had a lot of "py-asso," which is the same thing, only more of it. Py-asso is what everybody agreed George had before he went off to be an All-America, but they adored him nevertheless.

There was never much doubt that George Mira was going to succeed at Miami, although there was some question what he was going to succeed at. For instance, there was a distinct chance



Mira and wife Regina chat during practice chaff.

that he would be caved in by his 220 pound roommates, Leo Lillimaga, Bob Stricter and Dan Conners. "When he tried to get smart we just laughed at him," said Leo, "and sat on him a little." "You don't get savvy with boys that size, you know," said George.

Flanker Back Spinelli, Mira's favorite pass receiver in 1962 (33 completions) and a young man with py-asso of his own, saw Mira first in the university

continued



this is the rough tough powerhouse
on wheels that you can drive
up hills down gullies through
mud snow and sand



this is the rough tough powerhouse
on wheels that you can drive
up hills down gullies through
mud snow and sand and to
the country
club dance

discover 4-wheel "DRIVEPOWER"SM

ALL NEW JEEP[®] WAGONEER

"Drivepower" is Wagoneer edition wagon a new, improved and exclusive 4-wheel drive system. KAISER Jeep CORPORATION Toledo 1, Ohio

See 'Jeep' vehicles in action in "THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH" every Tuesday night, ABC-TV Network.

Big Man On Campus!



(Martinizing Almost Doubles His Wardrobe, Natch!)

[illegible]

ONE HOUR
*** MARTINIZING**
THE MOST IN DRY CLEANING

GEORGE MIRA

lifeless when they were freshmen." He was at the next table, talking football. Just listening and watching him had me worried. "What if he's a half back?" I kept asking myself. I could hardly wait to get out to practice to make sure he wasn't after my position."

It never occurred to Spinelli thereafter that he and George were going to be anything but 1½ buddies, 2½ first string and ½ great. In scrimmages against the varsity, he says, "We could score anytime we wanted to. 'Whatta you say, Nick?' George would tell me in the huddle 'I ain't got one this time. And bang! he'd hit me with one of those rifle shots and we'd have a touchdown.'"

On the day of the opening game of the 1961 season with Pittsburgh, nationally televised from the Orange Bowl, Gustafson took sophomore Mira aside and laid it on the line: "It's your club to run, George. You can throw the ball whenever you like. I don't care if you're on the goal line. And don't worry about a thing, George, because you're the greatest." Gustafson says now that if talk like that had gotten out, people who know him as a conservative, no-nonsense coach would have recoiled in horror. Mira's response was to bite away the last trace of a canicle and to be brilliant. So brilliant, in fact, that when he laked to his fullback and rolled out to pass for Miami's only touchdown, the ABC cameras followed the empty-handed fullback into the end zone. Pittsburgh won the game 10-7 in a second-half turnaround, but George Mira was successfully launched.

Mira took Gustafson at his word. He told Bill Miller, the All-America end, to shut up in the huddle or he'd run him off the field. "Browne liked to think he should catch the ball every play," Mira said, "and sometimes he got on my nerves." When Gustafson sent in a fourth-down play against Tulane that Mira found unacceptable—"It was off tackle, and we had them set up for an option pass"—the play was stopped short of a touchdown and Mira was livid. Sputtering Spanish expletives as he came off the field, he told Gustafson,

continued.



Priced slightly higher on the West Coast



Buttons, Patches and Pullovers . . . in Brushed

Robert Bruce knits this irresistible threesome in a soft, intimate brushed blend of 75% wool and 25% virgin mohair. On the cardigans, genuine suede for elbows and pocket tops. And because they're all wool, these sturdy knits bounce back from the most vigorous wear. Wool retains extraordinary depth and clarity of color, too. Look for the Robert Bruce "Royal Mist" hang tag on all three. His cardigan in S,M,L,X, \$17.95. Hers in sizes 34-40, about \$15.95. Pullover in boys' sizes 12-20, \$9.98. Available at line stores everywhere. Sponsored jointly with the American Wool Council. Robert Bruce, Inc., Philadelphia, 34, Pa. New York Sales Office, Empire State Building, N.Y.C.

AD 6753

WOOL

Enjoy the natural wonders of wool knitted in America.



The Crew-saders

These socks are not for old fogies or young fogies, either. Crew-saders are for those young men of every age who know better than to confuse stodginess with maturity. They come in twenty colors, so you need never get bored.

A combination of high-bulk Orlon® acrylic and stretch nylon, one size fits almost everybody. (King size fits everybody else.) They're made by Interwoven, and, as further encouragement, a pair costs only a dollar fifty.

Interwoven
THE GREATEST NAME IN SOCKS

"You busted up my sequence. I was setting up for the option." In the North-western game that year, Spinelli heard him tell Backfield Coach Root: "Look, I'm the quarterback. Let me call the plays, will you?"

Meanwhile, George was running up telephone bills of \$25 to \$50 a month calling home. But his outlook had clearly been broadened by college, brother Joe observed. Where once he was merely a walking hospital of quilts, aspirin and Bufferin, and honey and Pepto-Bismol and a 30-minute arm massage before every game, he now complained that the Miami summers were too hot ("much hotter than in Key West") and the winters were too cold. "It never gets cold like this in Key West," he said to Trainer Wike. His jersey was too tight. His pants were too loose. What was heartburn a symptom of, anyway? Struck by a very real virus before Miami's game with Syracuse in the 1961 Liberty Bowl, he had to be fitted for a Navy-type antarctic jacket before he would go up for the game. When he did fly to Philadelphia he had a university doctor accompany him. Gustafson was outraged. "This time," he said, "George has gone too far." But nobody ever stays mad at George Mira long, and nothing short of major excision will keep him out of a game. At Key West High he shot himself in the eye with a BB gun the week of his final game and played anyway. Full vision didn't return to the eye until weeks later. Against Penn State in 1961 his ribs were so badly damaged that he could hardly breathe, but he passed Miami to a 25-8 upset victory. In the Gotham Bowl last December, on the coldest day of his life—it was 17° in Yankee Stadium—he had his greatest day. He completed 24 passes for 321 yards. When Miami was on defense he hovered around a butane heater. Through no fault of Mira's, Miami lost to Nebraska 36-34—16 of his passes were dropped by numbed receivers.

Sportscaster Paul Christman, the ex-Missouri All-America, once told Gustafson he thought Mira threw too hard (Christman was more a lob passer). It was not a revelation. Mira's passes have been known to break fingers and damage egos. His complete follow-through

continued



SHE ALWAYS ROOTS FOR THE VISITORS

They fly with her. She's a United stewardess, you see. And this fall more college football teams are flying with United Air Lines than with any other airline.

Fans, too. Besides the teams, a large number of faithful alumni are traveling to the games with us. You can do the same. Support the team both at home and particularly on the road. With jets to most U. S. cities, we can very likely fly you to the game of your choice. Football teams and fans included, more people choose United than any other airline in the world.





The Visible Shirt

A dreamy, softened pullover, shaped of Fortrel® polyester and rayon that flows like air. Gentle detailing, with a squared collar, side vents. The brave visibility of the collarings makes it good protection in the hunting season, good planning for a cruise. Vermilion, Acid Yellow, Molten Orange, White. Sizes 8 to 16.

About thirteen dollars at good stores and college shops



1407 Broadway, New York



Shapely University Club Shirts are tapered to a 'Y'

That's what gives you that smart "Y" formation in the body and in the sleeve, a neat look that stays neat every moment. And each handsome line is tailored to perfection for lasting good looks. Shown here, the button-down, zip-up model in 100% cotton, available in both long and short sleeve. About \$5. at fine stores. It's Tapered to a T. Mack Shirt Corporation, Cincinnati 2, Ohio.

Shapely
UNIVERSITY CLUB

GEORGE MIRA SCOUTING

once came down on a lineman's hand, cleaving the fingers apart. The wound required 12 stitches. With his enormous hands he can make a full pump with the ball, bring it back, reset and throw to the opposite side. "I'll get the ends to catch him," Gustafson said to Christman. "Anybody who tries to change his style will have to answer to me."

One professional scout will not draft Mira "under any circumstances" because of his size—"it makes him susceptible to an outside rush." "Mira's worst days," said a Southeastern Conference coach, "have been against a hard rush. You have to beat the Miami line to do it, but if you can rush Mira you can cut his effectiveness way down. It's when he scrambles out of that pocket that he heats you." Another coach questions Mira's reputation as a cool, shrewd signal-caller. "His 'imaginative calls' become stereotyped," he said. "He definitely gives you a pattern to pick up."

Gustafson deals with these doubts with a wave of his hand. "If this kid did nothing more than go on the field," he says, "we'd be inspired. I'll tell you, he thrills me to death. It got so last year that third down and 10 didn't mean a thing to us. 'Nobody hurt,' George would say, and then he'd get it all with one pass. 'Nobody hurt.' It was like a battle cry."

Mira enjoys a very special rapport with Gustafson. He lobbies for his teammates—for more food, for later curfew, for anything. "He's all the time telling me how he's going to tell Gus this and tell Gus that," says Spinella, "and he does tell him, too, but he doesn't call him Gus, of course."

Mira makes special trips up to Gustafson's office just to talk football. "He's always studying films," says Gustafson, "and finding things he wants to tell me about. Last year he caught a Pittsburgh half back cheating—going back too quick on every play—and swamped him with short paves. He comes in here and sits down and talks my ear off, and pretty soon I realize he has talked right through his next class. You have to watch him. He's bright, but he's no bookworm."

Gustafson once put an outsized photograph on the Miami field house wall.

continued



What does a Scotsman wear over his kilt?

A **Heatherrr Tweed
Sportcoat**

by

**HART
SCHAFFNER
& MARX**

We've been told a Scotsman knows a thrifflly buy at a glance. Like the HS&M Heatherrr Tweed shown here. Costs more to start with, to be sure. Costs him less in the long run, though.

Why?

Take the lapels, for instance. Put your fingers behind one. Flip it forward. Notice how

it springs back. Lies flat every time. Secret's behind the seams.

Row upon row of interloop stitching inside each lapel.

Lot more than ordinary sportcoats. Lapels behave. Won't curl.

You can't see it when you have it. Like the

under-pressings *inside* the jacket. Every inside seam is pressed. This shapes and moulds the coat *during* the tailoring. Not afterward. The smooth fit you buy is the one you keep. It's the precious stuff called "Quality." Precious because it lasts.

As we said, "A thrifflly buy."





Your dog—will he live up to his pedigree?

A pedigree dog is like a truly fine automobile.

Both are out of the ordinary. Both deserve extra care to keep them in the best of condition.

With a pure-bred dog, the results are most evident and predictable when you choose the food that helps make him all the dog he's meant to be. And there is a difference in dog foods.

This is why professional breeders feed and recommend Ken-I Biskit. It's more than just a complete diet. It's concentrated; so, cup for cup, you feed less. And, because it's oven-roasted for extra flavor and digestibility, your dog gets full satisfaction without overeating.

These are important reasons why Ken-I Biskit is the official food at more American Kennel Club shows than all other dog foods combined.

Dog Food of Champions



MEMO TO FOOTBALL FANS

Football is big news in the U.S.

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED covers football like no other magazine.

During the 1962 season **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's** staff of reporters, writers, photographers and artists produced more than 275 pages of news, views, color and excitement on college and professional football.

The 1963 season will be bigger than ever and **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** will cover it better than ever.

For the best in football each week, for the most in football all season long—follow football every week in **Sports Illustrated**



GEORGE MIRA

TEENAGE MARRIAGES STUNT MINDS—MARGARET MIAD. Gustafson's views on the subject were inflexible. But when George Mira married Regina Estenoz in Key West last June, Gus and his lovely wife Mandy and the entire Miami coaching staff were there, beaming all over the hors d'oeuvres.

The truth is that for all his indulgence Gustafson has kept a close operational rein on Mira. "He can't let George do everything he can do," says Root. "What would be left for the others? And what would be left of George?" Mira kicked extra points in high school but does not for Miami. He also played defense—"He could very well be the best defensive back we've got," says Gustafson—but he does not and will not for Miami because running the pro-type offense is job enough. "But I'll assure you this—he's going to run the ball this fall," says Gustafson. "He hasn't up until now, except on busted pass plays or an occasional option, and he was our best runner. We just couldn't afford to risk him. If I had the guts, and if I were 20 years younger, I'd even have him back there returning punts and kickoffs. But I'm too old to stand the excitement."

Spinelli says Gustafson has not got a worry. "We protect George, you can count on it. It would be a sin if he got hurt. This is going to be a great team, you know. George and me had a conference. We decided we're not going to settle for any second-rate bowl game this year. We're going to the Orange Bowl!"

In Key West last week the crowd at the barber shop of Sam Valdez, a competitor of Ochoa Alvarer, was discussing this appetizing prospect and making plans for the season and trying to figure out how this George Mira phenomenon ever got started. All agreed Key West had never seen anything like it.

Sam, the proprietor, brightened. "I've got it," he said. "Remember when I used to cut George's hair? I could never give him a true flat-top because his head was oval-shaped. It rises in the middle."

"You mean," said a visitor, rising in his chair, "that it is shaped exactly right for a football helmet?" "Exactly," said Sam. "George's always had a head for football. Ask any barber in town."

END



Herculon® presents the got-everything Arrow sports knit

Everything? Right! Herculon® polypropylene olefin fiber in the blend (50% Herculon olefin, 50% Coloray® rayon) does amazing things for this posh Arrow knit. Makes it durable. Keeps its shape—your shape—through wear-



ing and washing. Even tumble-drying. Makes it soft, light but comfortable in nippy weather. The colors are exactly what you've been waiting for. And it's only \$4. (Long sleeves, \$5.) What more could a shirt have?

Herculon—newest, lightest fiber at 100% polypropylene. Registered trademark of Hercules Fiber Company, Inc. as shown above. ©1981 Hercules Fiber Company, Inc.



MAN SIZE!

MENNEN *SPEED STICK*®

**stops perspiration odor so effectively
it actually keeps skin odor-resistant!**

Speed Stick—*the* deodorant for Men! Really helps stop odor! One clean dry stroke lasts all day—so man-size it protects almost 3 times the area of a narrow roll-on track. No messy drip, no tackiness. Never cracks or crumbles, won't stain or irritate. Fast! Neat! Businesslike! Get the wide-oval deodorant for men...Mennen Speed Stick.



All it takes is one clean stroke daily!

Mennen Speed Stick also available in Canada

YESTERDAY

Fletcher Pratt, a historian
and naval expert,
invented a complex pastime
that used ballroom
floors and up to 120 players

by PAUL MANDEL



The World's Most Complicated Game

Comedian Bob Newhart has a bit in which he plays a game manufacturer. He turns down an inventor on various and businesslike grounds—among them, the inventor's game is too complicated and it can't be played by couples. The game that Newhart's man so eloquently spurns is baseball, but the manufacturer's reasoning would equally have assassinated what may have been the most complicated game ever invented. It was Fletcher Pratt's Naval War Game, which flourished in the U.S. from 1929 until the end of World War II. It violated all the rules, too, but people played it all over the country, and though it never caught on like baseball, a lot of us still miss it.

Pratt was a writer and a naval expert (before he died in 1956 he had written some 60 books about naval and military affairs), and one day, in 1929, "bored with seven-card stud, backgammon and craps," he and a group of maritime-

minded friends decided to invent a naval game. They bought a division or two of model ships, pushed back the furniture in Pratt's living room and set to ganging. By the time they were done, they had come up with the rules for a mammoth contest that required up to 60 people on a side, a large hallroom to play in and vast fleets of accurately scaled ships, and the Naval War College started sending down experts to take lessons.

Pratt's most limited of limited wars was essentially simple. There were fleets of model ships, each commanded by an admiral. Each ship in each fleet had a captain. The captains maneuvered around the floor under the direction of the admiral, steaming at scale speeds—a 30-knot ship could move so many inches a turn, 20-knot ship two-thirds that distance and so on. All the ships would move at the same time. Pratt blew a whistle, everybody moved and then an-

other whistle announced that it was time to stop moving and start shooting.

Shooting was the key to the operation, and it gave Pratt and his assistant inventors the most trouble. They tried all sorts of methods: aiming flashlights, firing toy cannon at each other, even retiring to another room and whanging away with air pistols at battleship pictures posted on the wall. Finally they contrived a paper arrow with a metal-headed pushpin at each end. When you were a ship captain and it was time to shoot, you sprawled on the floor, lined up the pins on an enemy ship, tried to guess how many inches away the enemy ship was and wrote that estimated range on a handy piece of paper. After everybody had finished moving, Pratt—who was too good at the game and usually headed a board of referees—would go around with a big tape measure measuring out the shots and putting a golf tee upside-

continued

down on the floor to simulate shell splashes for misses. A satisfactory-looking cardboard painted with rolling black, oily clouds showed a hit. There was a vast formula for calculating the fighting power of each ship: $(G^2 \times GN + G^2 \times GN + 10TT + 10A^2 + 10A^2 + 10A^2 + 25 Ap + M) S; + T$, and elaborate tables for telling each captain what had happened to his ship when the turn's shooting was over. There were other devices for torpedoing, laying smoke screens and shooting down airplanes, but most of the erudite calculations were made by Pratt and his referees, it really took just a good eye for distance and an old pair of pants to qualify one for a floor command in Pratt's game. As a result, Pratt's battles attracted a

clientele ranging from professional naval officers to pretty girls. Some of the girls were extremely combative, and the first night I played the game I found myself being salvaged at short range by a redhead in slacks commanding a Chinese torpedo boat. "I'll get you yet, wise guy," she said, unsmiling, as she chased me behind a battleship. The naval officers, on the other hand, tended to enmesh themselves in the intricacies of their profession, and were always getting in trouble. My fondest memory of my Saturday-night service with Pratt came with the command of my own torpedo boat. A regular-Navy commander, fresh from Pacific destroyers, steered smartly down the floor with his model destroyers. He executed a snappy

starboard turn and ran smack into 12 of my torpedoes. He looked on, slack-jawed, as they came and took away his ships, and then he got up and walked out of the hall room.

By the time it got refined, Pratt's game was so like real naval battles that its players liked to try out actual fleet actions from history to make sure the right side had won. It almost always turned out that the right side had. Sometimes, however, Pratt would experiment with battles before they happened, and in one celebrated case he pitted the German pocket battleship *Goef Spee* against three small British cruisers. The British won, and everybody decided there had been some mistake and forgot about it. Then the same thing happened in the real fight, and Pratt's players reacted with awe when they realized that they had been right and the experts wrong.

During the war the game caught on all over the country. NROTC units played it in armories (one, in Buffalo, had spectators, refreshments, a band and a big scoreboard to show who was getting sunk); splinter groups played it in living rooms and on ping-pong tables, three days after two Jena fell, some Marines started a game in a Quonset hut, and after Japan surrendered, some occupation people staged a battle on the floor of the Diet. Pratt published a magazine about the game, and the New York group met regularly in Caravan Hall, a big ballroom on East 59th Street. Everybody put 25¢ into a kitty to defray ballroom rent and beer, and the games often slugged long into the night. With great fleets fighting monthly, supplying sufficient ship models was always a problem. Pratt used to have model-building parties in which whittlers carved out whole classes of tany warships in a night. Another problem was the vulnerability of balsa-wood battleships to the human foot, and many branch war games required players to take off their shoes.

The game flourished through 1946, then—partly because of rising ballroom rents, partly because Pratt had so many hooks going and mostly because Pratt's players had had a bellyful of real-wood war—it succumbed. There are still a few groups playing today, chiefly in England, but nothing survives on the scale of those big, post-midnight clashes of mighty fleets in a big ballroom—great battles in which men were men and light cruisers were 7 inches long.

END



PLAYERS LINE UP THEIR SHIPS DURING A WAR GAME ON PRATT'S STUDIO FLOOR

BASEBALL'S WEEK

THE PLAYER In the jargon of his colleagues, Gordy Coleman of Cincinnati gained respect during the past two years because of his stickwork. Now there are those who feel that another type of stick work—Coleman endorses fish sticks for a local restaurant chain and his weight has gone up to 218 as a result of nibbling at more than a few himself—brought about his sudden hitting failure. The added weight was just one more thing for Coleman, an inveterate worrier, to fret about. This spring he set personal season goals of 30 homers and 100 RBIs, but this newborn optimism vanished by the end of May, accompanied by a .215 batting average. Soon Coleman was on the bench. There he worried, ultimately deciding it was not worth the worry to keep worrying. Given a chance to play last week, a worry-free—well, almost—Coleman hit .571. He slammed four homers, one in a 4-3 win, another as a pinch hitter with the bases full. Now it was the pitcher's turn to worry again.



GORDY COLEMAN

THE TEAM The week for St. Louis (see page 20) is most succinctly summarized below in the box that shows that the Cardinals outscored their opponents 39-7. These are impossible figures—predicated on virtually perfect hitting, pitching and fielding—which is why they turn up about as often as quintuplets are born in Aberdeen, S. Dak. More amazing is that the remarkable week was only a slice out of the Cardinal drive that meant 19 victories in 20 games since August 30. During this time the Cards outscored the opposition 120-47. Nine pitchers were winners, six of them threw 11 complete games. Heroes apparently had but a single common denominator: that Manager Johnny Keane put their names on his line-up card. Just last week, for instance, four guys hit better than .380 and four pitchers figured in four shutouts. The streak could put to shame every fabled closing rush in history, not only because it is so far the best the '42 Cardinals won 43 of their last 52, the '51 Giants 20 of their last 251, but because this year the Dodgers were not exactly folding like Arab tents. In fact, since that same August 30 all other eight teams in the league had lived down to Los Angeles.

THE PLAYER For Baltimore last week John Orsino did just about everything but pitch and take tickets. There being very little demand for tickets whenever the slumping Orioles went, Orsino did just about everything—carrying what little hitting and what few spots the team had. Bunting .409, Orsino smashed three of the team's four homers and accounted for seven of its 45 runs. The splurge raised his average to .277—.313 since July 4. "I don't have the speed to be a .300 hitter," Orsino said. "If you had my legs," replied Coach Hank Bauer, himself no Dan Patch, "you'd hit .400." Still, Orsino got enough niches and enough life from two slow legs and one of them injured to stagger out a triple in the Orioles' only win. Obtained from the Giants, Orsino has not only his sell, but his handling of pitchers has improved. His bat has been so hot, the Orioles play him at first base sometimes now, but more often he is the only regular clean-up-hitting catcher in the majors.



JOHN ORSINO

THE TEAM The New York Yankees had just won another pennant—their 13th in 15 years—and it was time to celebrate. Reporters came to the clubhouse to get a few quotes, to nibble on a sandwich, to offer congratulations. That has been the format for years. Before long, though, newsmen were ducking gobts of potato salad thrown by the younger and more ebullient Yankees. Next they were dodging tomatoes. It was all very un-Yankeeish. With Joe Pepitone and Al Downing (both 22), Jim Bouten, Phil Lutz and Tom Tresh (all 24) and Hal Reniff (25) around, it seemed there might be a new era of lively pennant parties. Still, it was not a week entirely given over to youth. Whitey Ford (34) won his 22nd game, and two renowned sluggers—Mickey Mantle (31) and Yogi Berra (38)—showed unusual talent on the bases. Mantle raced from first base to second after a foul pop had been caught, and Berra, using a nifty slide, stole his first base in two years. Many of the more youthful Yankees exhibited a young-at-heart sensa at their pennant party, but they know that at World Series time they must give the game all they have, just as Oldtimers Ford, Mantle and Berra did.

NATIONAL LEAGUE

THE WEEK

	W	L	RUNS	OPP. RUNS	HITS	OPP. HITS	WALKS	OPP. WALKS
ST. LOUIS	7	0	39	7	56	45	11	18
LOS ANGELES	5	2	31	19	55	53	11	14
HOUSTON	4	2	42	23	48	44	10	33
NEW YORK	4	3	17	20	49	50	28	33
SAN FRANCISCO	5	5	18	10	59	64	17	23
CINCINNATI	3	4	36	37	58	59	29	17
MILWAUKEE	3	4	27	36	47	67	22	18
PHILADELPHIA	4	4	32	31	44	48	17	26
PITTSBURGH	1	6	15	37	40	58	17	26
CHICAGO	1	6	11	38	54	64	13	21

THE SEASON

	DOUBLES	RUNS	PITCHING GAMES
LOS ANGELES	Gilliam 26	Witte 77	Perezones 63
ST. LOUIS	Gardner 42	Flood 51	Shantz 57
MILWAUKEE	W. Aaron 26	Mays 112	Raymond 43
SAN FRANCISCO	2 w/h 38	Mays 101	Bolin 44
PHILADELPHIA	W. Aaron 26	Witte 77	W. Aaron 26
CINCINNATI	Prosen 31	Rose 87	W. Aaron 26
CHICAGO	W. Aaron 26	W. Aaron 26	W. Aaron 26
PITTSBURGH	Clemens 27	Clemens 27	Clemens 27
HOUSTON	Spanglin 25	Spanglin 25	Spanglin 25
NEW YORK	Hunt 22	Hunt 22	Hunt 22

AMERICAN LEAGUE

	W	L	RUNS	OPP. RUNS	HITS	OPP. HITS	WALKS	OPP. WALKS
CHICAGO	6	5	35	31	63	63	33	27
DETROIT	5	3	31	27	67	72	18	21
NEW YORK	5	3	31	23	63	58	21	23
BOSTON	4	3	30	24	61	64	23	17
LOS ANGELES	4	3	29	23	65	60	15	10
MINNESOTA	5	4	27	20	62	67	36	20
KANSAS CITY	2	6	27	33	68	62	15	21
CLEVELAND	2	6	25	36	64	70	14	14
WASHINGTON	2	6	21	46	79	83	26	29
BALTIMORE	1	5	19	29	43	56	17	27

	DOUBLES	RUNS	PITCHING GAMES
NEW YORK	Tresh 26	Tresh 77	Witte 77
CHICAGO	Witte 77	Witte 77	Witte 77
MINNESOTA	Verdine 49	Alison 57	Dacey 61
BALTIMORE	Kaplan 26	Alison 57	Dacey 61
CLEVELAND	Alison 57	Alison 57	Dacey 61
BOSTON	Yastrzemski 38	Yastrzemski 38	Yastrzemski 38
CLEVELAND	Alison 57	Alison 57	Dacey 61
KANSAS CITY	Alison 57	Alison 57	Dacey 61
LOS ANGELES	Bonds 20	Alison 57	Dacey 61
WASHINGTON	Perkins 19	Alison 57	Dacey 61

Through Saturday Sept. 14

116

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

FIRST AID

Sirs:
We appreciated William Leggett's article, *A Success Is Killing the American League* (Sept. 9). Something indeed must be done about the junior circuit's plight! With this in mind, we propose the following plan: exchange the Yankees for the Mets!

Without the New York Yankees, the American League, although far inferior to its sister league, would have a genuine pennant race, and a close one at that. Countless fans in Chicago, Minnesota and Baltimore would flock to the ball park to see their home team scramble for the big money. Detroit, Cleveland and Boston would not be out of the running by any means, either. The lovable Mets would also provide a gate attraction, although not as much as their New York counterparts.

The National League race speaks for itself. Can you imagine the Yankees, Dodgers, Giants and Cardinals all fighting it out for the NL flag? It would considerably boost National League attendance figures in all parks.

JOE LIPKIN
LARRY LIPKIN

Los Angeles

Sirs:

My solution: exchange the New York franchises.

D. L. FRY

Monroeville, Ohio

Sirs:

I am not a Yankee fan, but I do admire their success and believe they deserve the high standing they possess. Since it looks like the rest of the American League will never catch up to them, however, I say move the Yankees to the National League and the Mets to the American.

Such a move would be less complicated than the proposed interleague schedule, and it would be nice to have Casey Stengel back in the league where he had such great success.

NORMAN WEINSTEIN

Richmond

Sirs:

Why not take five teams from each league and switch them so that each league would have five new teams and five old teams? You could place the teams by ability, the 10 best in one league and the lower 10 in another. This would allow for much closer pennant races, although the World Series would not be much of a contest. If it worked, you could switch teams every 10 years or so.

DAVE DI ROCHE

Berkeley, Calif.

Sirs:

As a TV baseball fan, I heartily agree that the Yankees are killing the American League. I would not quarrel with the networks for favoring Yankee Stadium for a big majority of their weekly TV shows. I would, however, urge Joe Cronin and his associates to improve the situation without delay. Here is my suggested solution.

1) Let the league arrange the weekly TV and radio broadcasts.

2) Let the proceeds be impounded until the close of the season.

3) After the close of the season, distribute all the proceeds by the "sum-of-the-digits" method.

For example, if the total proceeds for the season amounted to \$550,000, divide it as follows:

First place team, 1/55.....	\$ 10,000
Second place team, 2/55.....	20,000
Third place team, 3/55.....	30,000
Fourth place team, 4/55.....	40,000
Fifth place team, 5/55.....	50,000
Sixth place team, 6/55.....	60,000
Seventh place team, 7/55.....	70,000
Eighth place team, 8/55.....	80,000
Ninth place team, 9/55.....	90,000
Tenth place team, 10/55.....	100,000
	\$550,000

This solution might not correct the present imbalance completely, but it would be a step in the right direction.

E. B. SCHMIDT

Lincoln, Neb.

Sirs:

My answer to the problem is: eliminate some games from the regular season and have a best-of-seven games playoff as in hockey.

Use this year as an example. Wouldn't Detroit with its "hot streak" and an opportunity to make the playoffs fill Tiger Stadium at every game? Then, too, if New York or any other team had a really commanding lead, other teams would make an extra effort to make the playoffs.

SIMMY J. WINSTANLEY

Pontiac, Mich.

Sirs:

What would the Yankees do if five or six American League teams went bankrupt and begged out of the league? Either the mighty Yankees would have to pay these teams large sums of money, give them players or realize that this was the end of "their" league. At any rate, the Yankee dynasty would come to an end, and millions of Yankee haters throughout the world could finally rejoice. So, for the first time I say, "Win, Yanks, win!"

BOB MEYER

Upper Montclair, N.J.

LITTER BEARS

Sirs:

You published a letter from a fellow in Connecticut, with a scant five years' experience at car-camping in national parks, violently objecting to the contention that the majority of the general public does not know how to treat the wilderness (19th Hole, Sept. 9). With only five years' experience in the out-of-doors behind him, the poor guy has never seen the parks as they were before this great car-camping urge grasped the American public and sent them skittering, ignorant and destructive, into the woods.

Perhaps the enclosed picture (see below) will serve to enlighten him. It shows a black

(continued)





Why some pipemen use fewer matches



They are a blend that, once in, binds onto the light better. Bond Street, the pipe tobacco that stays in Bond Street keeps burning because of its old English cut—a combination of flakes, for even burning, and cubes for slow-burning. Sample it and see how pleasant and satisfying a pipe tobacco can be that goes on only when you want it to.

You'll enjoy the fine aroma and flavor of Bond Street's choice imported and domestic tobacco, too.

A pipe is a great match: a pleasant companion.



BOND STREET

A word about pipes in the wind



If you are planning to smoke a pipe in a wind storm, you may find it wise to use a bid on the bond in case a wind storm. Otherwise, the wind may make the tobacco burn too fast and you may lose the tobacco in the wind.



A pipe needs a bid. A bid is a bond. A bid is a bond. A bid is a bond.

BOND STREET

A Division of Philip Morris Inc.

19TH HOLE

bear rummaging in a mess that campers left behind them in one of our great wilderness national parks. I won't state which park because park employees have cleaned up the mess since this picture was taken. But that doesn't alter the fact that campers made the mess—despite the fact that there were adequate bear-proof garbage containers readily at hand. Somebody drops a bursting paper sack of muck. The next gas adds to it, and so on until it has reached the state where it interests the bears, who add the final touches. This may look good in Connecticut, but to those of us in the West who know the wilderness when, it is the height of carelessness.

DORIS CONNELLY

Bellingham, Wash.

SLEEPERS

Sirs,

Congratulations on another excellent pro football issue, especially Tex Maule's article on the Dallas club (*The Cowboys' Cost Rule* in *Better Defense*, Sept. 9).

However, we Missourians have heard enough of Lee Roy Jordan and Jim Price. Both are fine athletes, but they are finding it tough to keep up with little-known rookie Harold (Hurricane) Hays, University of Southern Mississippian.

Hays is bigger than Jordan, faster than Price and equally as "mean" on the field as either. Here's a vote for the small-college sleeper who has all the tools to make headlines, except the big buildup and the high price tag.

LILLIE PAUL C. MORLAN JR.

Indianapolis

Sirs,

Once again Tex Maule has gone against the greatest team in professional football—the New York Giants. Once again Tex Maule will be wrong.

LEE FISHMAN

South Orange, N.J.

Sirs,

A team "backed by an aging but better than adequate defense?" How can Tex Maule say that about the Giants? Does he come from Dallas?

JOE O'CONNELL

Tuxton, R.I.

• No. San Antonio, T.D.

Sirs,

After reading your pro football scouting reports, all I can say is that I had a good laugh. Two "predictions" are absurd. The first absurdity was perpetrated by Tex: the should be called Dallas Maule, who said that the Cowboys are going to lick the Giants. The other by Tom Brody, who has the nerve to pick the top-class Boston

Patriots to finish below the third-class Buffalo Bills.

STEVE ROSE

Brookline, Mass.

Sirs,

Are you crazy? What do you mean, Boston Patriots in third? They are an easy second.

CHARLES ZEDIANA

Cambridge, Mass.

ASTERISK

Sirs,

The recent alleged world land-speed record perpetrated by Craig Breedlove at Bonneville Salt Flats on August 5 is surely the height of nonsense, and it is time we reviewed the rules about such records.

I notice that a Lockheed designer helped out in planning this wingless three-wheeled airplane. Surely it would have been much cheaper and easier if Lockheed had simply lent Breedlove one of its Starlighters to fly over the Bonneville Salt Flats. He could have lowered the undercarriage, dived down to the measured mile and—with the two rear wheels and steerable front wheel just making visible tracks on the salt surface—driven through a measured mile. At the end of the first run he could pull up, make a turn and repeat the performance in the opposite direction. This would be a lot cheaper and would meet exactly the same conditions—but it would not be a land-speed record any more than the wingless airplane driven by Craig Breedlove.

ERIK NELSON

Sec. Agathe-des-Monts, Que.

CONVERTIBLE

Sirs,

The recent picture of a slowly sinking VW (*The Beetle Does Float*, Aug. 19) needs a postscript: VWs not only float, they sail right smartly. I knew, because a sailing friend of mine, Karl Staubach, has proved the point by making a trim little sailing scow from the top of a VW bus. He compared driblette tops of all competing trucks, buses and vans and found VW first in marine design. He then bought a non-sunroof top for a scow from the local junkyard, decked it over neatly and put in a scow-type cockpit, skegs, twin mudders and mast. I finished off with a yellow-and-red-striped mainsail, she (the XW-BT) looks and sails like a VW owner is accustomed to expect.

And there's room for all the family, plus luggage.

J. C. McHUGH

Ann Arbor, Mich.

Sirs,

Oh, what a sneaky trick! The first picture shows one thing has left the VW bond loose; the second shows it has come completely open. Even a battleship will eventually sink if a sea cock is left open.

LIV WORMSK

Grand Canyon, Ariz.



Mint On-the-Rocks

Place three or four ice cubes in a deep, chilled glass. Pour in enough delicious, minty Hiram Walker's Green Creme de Menthe to fill glass.



Stinger On-the-Rocks

Shake with ice—11 oz. Hiram Walker's White Creme de Menthe, 1 1/2 oz. Hiram Walker's Brandy. Strain into glass over ice cubes. Delicious!



Sloe Gin Fizz On-the-Rocks

With ice, shake juice of 1/2 lemon, 1/2 tablespoon sugar, 1 1/2 oz. Hiram Walker's Sloe Gin. Strain over ice cubes. Fill with Club Soda.



On-the-Rocks

Suddenly everybody's serving **Hiram Walker's** Cordials On-the-Rocks
(Especially Blackberry Flavored Brandy!)

It's the new entertaining idea . . . this icy after-dinner dividend! And like all great ideas, it's simple. Also elegant, imaginative, and delicious. (Have you tasted Hiram Walker's Cordials lately?)

And this magnificent finishing touch costs surprisingly little, so you can keep

a good assortment of Hiram Walker's Cordials readily at hand.

At your next dinner party, serve a choice of Hiram Walker's Cordials On-the-Rocks. For instance, the drinks shown above. Each, in its own inimitable way, is nothing short of sensational!

HIRAM WALKER'S
CORDIALS
A RAINBOW OF DISTINCTIVE FLAVORS

Green Creme de Menthe, White Creme de Menthe, Sloe Gin, Blackberry Flavored Brandy. To avoid fraud, Hiram Walker's Brandy, Hiram Walker & Co., Inc., New York, N.Y.



All-Star—The low boot profile picks up extra yardage in new Injun Tani! Looks great with practically everything, especially your bleached chinos. Score big—with the All-Star.

10⁹⁹ Other styles \$3.95 to \$2.95. Pedwin, Jr., for boys \$4.95 and \$3.95. All higher: Denver West and Canada

pedwin.



QUALITY AT YOUR FEET • BROWN SHOE COMPANY, ST. LOUIS